

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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THE BETRAYED.

A CITY racked in the earthquakes din,
Its roofs and pinnacles tottering in;
A nation mown by the scythe of war,
Its children bound to the victor's car;
A people crowding the halls of death,
Heaped like pale leaves by the Autumn breath;
A shattered ship with its ghastrly freight,
Slow sinking beneath the tempests weight;
Oh! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

A living child on the dead cold breast
Of its mother, frozen to marble rest,
A prisoner bound in the dungeon halls,
Where no ray of light or sunshine falls;
A martyr chained to the crackling pyre,
While the mob grows drunk, with blood and ire;
A starving child, where the sleet falls hoar,
Driven with blows from the rich man's door;
Oh! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

A gentle girl with her dove-like eyes,
Beams 'neath the glow of her home's glad sides;
Her heart o'er brimming with love divin',
Like a diamond chalice with precious wine;
But the spoiler comes with precious wiles,
Like a demon wills, like an angel smiles;
Then blossoms the soul of that beautiful one,
As the rose expands beneath the sun,
And her life grows joyous, but woe is me,
Dark is the vision I picture thee.

She has left her home, she has made her nest,
In the fancied love of that chosen breast;
But his love is lust, and his truth's a lie;
He eates his passion, and flings her by;
He flings her by, and his leprous kiss
Risters at last, and with demon hiss
He bids her live, ah! treacherous breath,
On the sale of virtue, the price of death;
Dark is the vision I bring to thee,
But a darker shadow is yet to see.

"I am spoiled by falsehood and leagued with sin,
I will seek my home, it will fold me in,
It will not be long, for this aching grief,"
She murmurs, "will soon bring the cypress wreath."
But ah! she is spurned from her father's door;
The bosom that nursed her, will own her no more;
And her old companions breathe her name;
With a scornful sneer and word of shame;
Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,
But a darker shadow is yet to see.

Her soul grew wild with this last despair,
Her lips moved then, but not in prayer;
"They drive me with curses from virtues way,
I was once betrayed, I will now betray;
She nerves with the wine cup her thin frail form,
She wreathes her lips with a dazzling scorn,
She sold her charms in the street at night;
Her lips were poison, her glances bright;
Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,—
But its closing shadow is yet to see.

The sleet swept bleak through the silent mart,
O'er a dying form, and a dying heart;
She sank on the pavement, cold and bare,
Her shroud was wove by the snowy air;
The guilty here scorned the child of sin,
The angels there have welcomed her in,
Dark is the vision I've pictured thee,—
What hast thou done that it might not be?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEWPORT CONVENTION.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Susan B. Anthony, the Napoleon of the Woman's Suffrage movement in this country, having decided that neither age, color, sex, or previous condition could shield any one from this agitation—that neither the frosts of winter, or the heats of summer could afford its champions any excuse for halting on the way, our forces were ordered to be in marching order on the 25th of August to besiege the "butterflies of fashion" in Newport.

Having gleefully chased butterflies in our young days on our way to school, we thought it might be as well to chase them in our old age on the way to heaven. So obeying orders, we sailed across the sound one bright moonlight night, with a gay party of "the disfranchised," and found ourselves quartered on the enemy the next morning as the sun rose in all its resplendent glory. Although trunk after trunk—not of gossamers, laces, and flowers, but of Suffrage ammunition, speeches, resolutions, petitions, tracts, John Stuart Mill's last work, and folios of THE REVOLUTION had been slowly carried up the winding stairs of "the Atlantic," the brave men and fair women who had tripped the light fantastic toe until the midnight hours slept heedlessly on, wholly unawares that twelve apartments were already filled with invaders of the strong-minded mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, editors, reporters, and the Hutchinson family to the third and fourth generation.

Baths, breakfast, a drive on the sea beach, and at the appointed hour to the Convention.

As we give reports from the *Tribune* and the *World* in another column, suffice it to say here that the Convention continued through two days, with the usual amount of good and bad speaking and debating strong and feeble resolutions, fair and unfair reporting, but with all its faults an improvement on the general run of Conventions called by the stronger sex. We say this not in a spirit of boasting, but with a heart overflowing with pity for "the men of the period."

The chief speakers were Paulina Wright Davis, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Theodore Tilton, Francis D. Moulton, Rev. Phoebe Hansford, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Churchill, the Hon. Mr. Stillman of Rhode Island, and the editor and proprietor of THE REVOLUTION. The occasion was enlivened with the stirring songs of the Hutchinsons, and a reading from Mrs. Sarah Fisher Ames, the distinguished artist who moulded the bust of Abraham Lincoln, which now adorns the rooms of the Union League,

N. Y. A farmer from Illinois, gazing with admiration on this bust one day, said, "And this was made by a woman, and she is not allowed to vote! What a disgrace to the men of this nation!" Mrs. Ames is a woman of great power and beauty, and has just made her debut, as a public reader, on the Woman's Rights platform with marked success. And here all the women who are broad, liberal and thoughtful, who have achieved success in any department of art or literature, should come to give the weight of their names and influence for the enfranchisement of their own sex, not so much that woman may vote and hold office, but because the assertion of her political equality is the first step towards her recognition in the world of thought and action, as the peer of man. The subject condition of woman is the fundamental falsehood of our present civilization, and nothing but evil can grow out of the present relations of the sexes as master and slave.

The *Tribune* thus speaks of Mrs. Ames:

The evening session was held at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Stanton opened the meeting by introducing the sculptress, Mrs. Ames of Boston, who, dressed in a black and gold silk, with a "purple pansy" in her hair, advanced and seated herself at the desk. Her regular features, dark complexion, brown hair, black eyes, and blackest of lashes formed a charming picture. She read with great effect Davis's "Welcome," Molly Maldoon, and Poe's *Raven*. Her clear and brilliant tones, expressive eyes and quiet manner were most admired. The applause was overwhelming.

The audience throughout the sittings of the convention was large, fashionable, and as enthusiastic as the state of the weather would permit. From the numbers of THE REVOLUTION and John Stuart Mill's new work sold at the door, it is evident that much interest was roused on the question. We can say, truly, that we never received a more quiet and respectful hearing, and from many private conversations with ladies and gentlemen of influence, we feel assured that we have done much by our gatherings in Saratoga and Newport to awaken thought among a new class of people.

The ennuil and utter vacuity of a life of mere pleasure is fast urging fashionable women to something better, and when they do awake to the magnitude and far-reaching consequences of woman's enfranchisement, they will be the most enthusiastic workers for its accomplishment.

The day after the convention we went with a pleasant party in a sailing boat called "Oathline," to visit Ida Lewis in her rock-bound home. We noticed, as we sailed along, that all the beautiful little boats in the bay were named after the girls of the period. We do believe that these little acts of chivalry are based on a principle deep in the soul of man, and not as some would have us believe, in our present degraded, dependent position, in the statute laws and state constitutions.

The day was bright and the company brighter. Mr. Sizer, of the *Phrenological Journal*, Mr. Higginson and Mr. Tilton, coming down from

the sublime heights of science, philosophy, and metaphysics (from those realms where superior manhood is supposed to live) to the level of the ladies on board. Made themselves most charming companions. It is touching to see how easily such gifted men in their hours of ease, with songs, anecdotes, wit, and repartee, can condescend to commune with those who, according to our state constitutions, are the political equals of idiots, lunatics and paupers. What an economy of manly dignity there will be, when, in the progress of civilization, woman shall rise to the sublime heights of these lordly ones, made but a little lower than the angels, and instead of putting them down, shall attract them upward and upward, as Beatrice with Dante, to the highest heaven.

As Mr. Higginson had been in an unhappy frame of mind towards *THE REVOLUTION*, finding ourselves at last in the same boat, we desired Mr. Sizer to examine his head, that we might ascertain whether the difficulty lay in him or us, that we might shape our conduct accordingly. After a strict philosophical analysis, it was decided that Mr. Higginson could not be improved, but *THE REVOLUTION* had abundant room to grow. To this end we secured all the subscribers we could in Rhode Island, and promptly invited Mr. Higginson on the spot to adorn its pages; and we extend this invitation to all who desire to see us pruned and perfected as we devoutly desire to be. We begin to think *THE REVOLUTION* must be related to the Beecher family, a kind of divine target, for the arrows of a wicked and perverse generation.

Sailing along, we stopped at a point of land to take Kate Field on board, but from the time of Petruccio, Kates have always been perverse, and she would not come, nor allow us to approach her, as she was just starting out with a party mysteriously arrayed, for a trial of her skill in the art of swimming. So we were obliged to content ourselves with the sound of her merry laugh in the distance, and the contemplation of a graceful bound of some human form divine from the prow of her boat.

The home of Ida Lewis is on a high broken pile of rocks that dazzle the eye in the bright sunlight with their sparkling whiteness. On the top is a neat two-story house, and boathouse, painted white; inside and out everything is clean and sweet in that island home.

Although our young heroine was busy at the wash-tub, she promptly made her appearance, apologizing for her dress. She said she was obliged to work, and had so many visitors that she could not be always dressed to receive them. I told her the wash-tub had been dignified and beautified in verse, and promised to send her those sweet rhymes of Louisa Alcott, beginning:

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high,
And sturdy wash, and rinse and wring
And fasten the clothes to dry.

Just now, Ida Lewis is the fashion. No one thinks of visiting Newport without seeing her. In one day, she told us, she had three hundred calls. She is a frail-looking girl, seemingly with but little force or endurance. She has a marked, pleasant face, light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a chin like Anna Dickinson. Mr. Sizer examined her head, while Theodore Tilton, pencil in hand, marked her appetites and aspirations, and as they all seemed to be at sixes and sevens, she must have a grand head. As the next *Phrenological Journal* will contain her likeness and a full description of her, from the graphic pen of Mr. Sizer, we shall say nothing

Phrenologically. Each of us purchased her photograph, on which she wrote her name, which we shall keep at our office where any one who desires to see it may enjoy that privilege.

We asked her if she rowed out every day. She said no, she did not care much to go out when it was calm. She liked the excitement of battling old ocean in a storm. We saw the beautiful little boat, with its red cushions and metal mountings, which had just been presented to her, and if it had not been washing day we should have asked her to give us a row round the harbor. We talked of the race between the Harvards and Oxfords, and all spoke hopefully of the time when girls, too, should enter the lists for the prizes of life.

Mrs. Ames suggested to her to open a school to teach girls navigation. She described to us the incident in her pilot life which makes her famous to-day, and which will be remembered among the deeds of heroic women in all time. I rather think the men whose lives she saved were glad to see her out of her sphere, that dark, eventful day. Imagine those men saved by her skill and magnanimity, seated in her quiet home, warmed and fed by her loving charity, safe from danger, fully reinstated in the normal condition of ordinary manhood, holding forth to her on "Woman's place," "her inferiority," "her subject condition in nature." We wish she could take Horace Bushnell out in her little boat some day, when the waves are lashed to fury, and teach him man's dependence where woman, by education and experience, has learned superior skill. What multitudes of men are strutting up and down the highways of life, prating of their lordly gifts to reign and rule, who have been fished up from the Stygian pools of ignorance, disease and vice, and their feet placed on solid ground by the heroism and self-sacrifice of woman, who to-day sneer at the idea of her holding a ballot.

Ida Lewis is a girl of rare common sense and self-respect. She is modest, unaffected, and seems surprised rather than pleased with the amount of attention she is just now receiving. In speaking of some of the incidents of her life, she told us that she had often been out in the winter when her stockings were so frozen to her wet feet, that she was obliged to cut them off. Now, that she has a beautiful boat, some one should present her with a pretty gymnastic dress of bright colors, a cap to shade her eyes, long rubber boots, felt stockings, fur gloves, etc., ready for the storms of the coming winter. While people are ready to shower gifts on her, we advise useful things for the child's comfort and protection, rather than mere ornaments to adorn her person, or house.

She seemed much amused with the idea of Mr. Sizer being able to tell her character from her head, but she soon recognized the truth of his statements, and to his delinations would artlessly respond ever and anon, "That is so." After a short call we returned to the Catherine, and were soon landed on the opposite shore.

Newport is a charming little town; its lookout on the sea is grand; its shores are cultivated lawns, dotted all round with the elegant homes of merchant princes from Boston and New York. We took a pleasant drive through the town and on the sea shore. Among other cottages pointed out to us, we were specially interested when our coachman called out "Here is the residence of Mrs. George Francis Train." It was the finest situation we saw, boldly looking out on the ever restless sea. Some one asked if Mrs. Train attended the Convention.

hope she did, for she is a woman of great executive ability, common sense, and force of character, and should her attention be roused to the importance of this demand for woman's enfranchisement, she would be a mighty power towards its achievement. Our excellent friend, her husband, is now on his return trip from the Rocky Mountains and California. Clear and consistent when he once sees a principle, he has said the right word for the Chinese now crowding our western shores: "Let all men vote, make laws for themselves, but we cannot trust the best of them to legislate for women." E. C. S.

FROM LIFE;

OR,

A BROADSIDE FROM MAINE

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"What use is it to try?" And Mrs. John Hansom glanced despairingly around the disordered apartment, surveyed the tangled hair and unwashed faces of the three little ones grouped around, and burst into tears. Not to be wondered at. The babies (God bless them!) had followed each other in quick succession, and naturally the little woman was reduced in health and spirits. Then the babies were troublesome. Two of them teething together, and the oldest just the right age to upset ink-stands, tear books, and bawl for the looking-glass and hammer. Somebody will probably curl their lip contemptuously, and mutter something about "discipline," and that "there is no sort of need of children behaving in such a manner!" But this somebody will be an old maid, or an old bachelor; and we all know that old maid's children, ever since the world commenced to be peopled, have been, of all others, the most exemplary. Mr. Herbert Hansom had left his house in a regular rage. (I use regular not merely as a descriptive adjective, but in its broadest, and most literal sense.) Ever since the advent of master Will, the first-born, Mr. Hansom had set about fault-finding, and had gradually worked himself up to a pitch where those manifestations of ill-temper had come to be as regular as clock-work. On this occasion, after kicking the cat, and cursing the cook—excuse me, Mr. Hansom was an extremely pious man, and was never known to utter a profane word! but it was as near cursing as the use of such expressions as the following can be called cursing: "She's a fool, and I always knew it. Nobody but a simpleton would ever have engaged such a girl! Confound that cat; keep a cat to please the children, eh? That shows your good sense;" and poor little Grimalkin was lifted on the toe of the gentleman's boot, and deposited in the lower hall. "Nobody's young ones but ours ever scream in such a fashion! Good gracious! can't you stop that child's mouth until I get out of the house? It won't take me long. There goes a button; this is the way you take care of my clothes!" And with a rip, and a muttered something, which, coming from any other man, would have been recognized as a powerful invective, this wonderfully pious typed, who worships God in one of the most imposing of Gotham sanctuaries, tore the garment, which the little pearl mischief-maker had rendered so obnoxious, from his person, and rolling the nicely starched and glistening plaits into as small a compass as possible, threw (I wish good breeding would allow me to write *slat*, for *slat* is the

word) the parcel into a remote corner of the room! then vowing that there was never known to be anything decent in that house to eat, and he didn't know what ever possessed him to get married, slammed out of the Hansom establishment. Please don't glance off, and say: "That scene is overdrawn." No such thing, my dear. Did you not observe the heading of this story?—"From Life." Well, from life it shall be, and I promise that imagination shall not be called upon for the slightest decoration. Mr. and Mrs. John Hansom consummated a courtship of two years (a sufficiently long time, one might think, to become acquainted with each other's prominent characteristics, at all events) by a brilliant marriage in — church, and went directly to housekeeping in a small "brown stone front," in a pleasantly fashionable part of the city. John Hansom's income was not large; but then he was a young and rapidly rising merchant, and everything in the financial world betokened abundant success.

Two servants, only, were allowed by the master of the house, who considered that his means did not warrant (to use his own language) keeping a "colored boarding-house." Consequently there was no rest, night or day, for the over-worked wife and mother. Mr. Hansom was in the habit of betaking himself to the spare chamber, in order to be "fresh" for the next day's business. Servants, of course, could not be expected to have their rest broken in upon at night, and thus all the watching devolved upon Mrs. Hansom, and a sorry time she had of it.

"What use is it to try?" she asked in her despair. "How can a woman be kind and patient under such treatment as this?"

You see, reader, Mrs. Hansom was the daughter of pious parents, who believed, with St. Paul, that the husband is the head of the wife, and must rule over her, without regard to the fact that matrimony occasionally shows the husband to be both morally and intellectually inferior to his companion. From her earliest remembrance, woman's sphere, and woman's duty had been drilled into her ears; but the poor little woman had proved, by bitter experience, that there was something strangely out of kilter with the creed. Of course, she didn't exactly know what. That stereotyped "smile," which every newspaper and magazine in the land has prated about, she had considered all the days of her life, and had, in these bitter days, endeavored to be true to the "smile," and the principles of her early education; but the day had arrived when the "smile" refused to come. If believed in the doctrine of obsession, put forward by Spiritualists, I should be compelled to think that with the birth of children, in some families, comes a devil also, who assumes entire control of the husband and father, transforming the previously good-natured, easy-tempered individual into a disagreeable, fault-finding, selfish egotist.

"He has utterly failed me," she continued. "Never did I so much need love and sympathy as now. What can this mean?"

Just at this juncture, when the three babies, after a moment of quiet consternation at the grief of their usually placid mother, had commenced to bawl again lustily, June, the chambermaid, poked her head in at the door, saying: "Mrs. Hansom, there is an old lady below."

"No, I ain't below either!" said the visitor, walking briskly into the chamber. "I can get up a flight of stairs about as quick as you can, if your legs are younger than mine. Well, my dear"—depositing a band-box on the

dressing-table, a bundle in the corner, and half a dozen oranges on the mantel—"I suppose you are the wife of John Hansom, my son; where is he?" And the old lady tenderly kissed the tear-stained face, and then proceeded to inspect it carefully. Carrie saluted the old lady kindly, muttered something about her visit being entirely unexpected, informed her that John had gone to the office—all the time endeavoring to escape the scrutiny of the kind eyes.

"Land skel and these are all yours." Grandma had just found time to take an inventory of live stock.

"Yes, mam!" and Carrie's lip quivered, and the tell-tale tears started again.

"Why, I never heard anything about this last one! No wonder. I should thought John would have been a little ashamed to mention it; but it's a nice, wholesome looking little fellow; all boys, hey? Well, that is lucky. Tired to death, ain't you? You and John have had words, too. I see it as plain as day. Gone off without his breakfast, I'll bet a cookie. Now, look here. Bless your heart, I'm an old woman, but I know a thing or two, and can help you if you'll only let me. To be sure"—and here Grandma commenced to remove her travelling garb—"I never set eyes on you before; but I don't want but one look at anybody to make up my mind what kind of stuff they are made of. Some folks would wait a week or two, and then edged into this business gradually, but that ain't my way. You are worried out with the care of these children, and more than that, you are grieved to death because your husband has grown to be not only indifferent and inattentive, but actually unkind. Law sakes, child, you needn't look at me so hard. I'm no fortune-teller—ain't got any gift of second sight—but I've been there myself, and experience is not only a very good schoolmaster, but an excellent heart-opener. The first thing I want you to take into consideration is this—that there is no man on the face of the earth, whose hard words should be of sufficient consequence to draw a tear from the eyes of his wife; and a man who will, under such circumstances as these utter the first unkind word," and Grandma looked pityingly around at the little ones—"deserves to be treated like an overgrown schoolboy, and I'll show you how to do it. Now give me some breakfast, for I'm enameled starved." Mrs. Hansom was pleasantly surprised. She had heard often of her husband's mother, and had looked forward to a visit from her with an indescribable nervousness, which was very excusable, taking into consideration the disagreeable reputation of mothers-in-law generally. As may be supposed, Mrs. Hansom was delighted to welcome his maternal parent! but was a little taken back to find that a new nurse had been added to the establishment. He, however, restrained all expression of dissatisfaction, determining to come to an understanding with his wife after his mother had retired; but the old lady saved him all trouble in that direction. "John," said she, as the trio adjourned to the sitting-room, "you have all ways been aware that your mother had a pair of eyes, and knew how to use 'em, and a grain of common sense to make 'em of service. Your wife hasn't opened her mouth to me in complaint, but I know as well as I know that I sit here, that you are not the husband you ought to be, and I'm *gashed* of you. I have engaged a woman to assist in taking care of the children, and shall pay her myself, and her board also, if you think you cannot afford to keep her.

To-night your wife will occupy the spare chamber, which I understand from the maid you have slept in, ever since this last baby was born. You will take the oldest child, I shall claim the next, and the new nurse the baby. Out of regard for your wife's health and life, out of regard for the little children which, as a father, you should assist in taking care of, I have persuaded your wife to give up the management of this house to me; and sir, I am mistress!" And here the old lady jingled a little spitefully, it must be confessed, the housekeeper's bunch of keys. "I shall try for a little, and see how this works, and if things don't go on to suit me, I shall take them all to Maine with me, and see if I can't fat 'em up a little. I should think you would be everlastingly ashamed to look upon the face of this dear little woman, and note the traces of tears, and the lines of care your indifference and actual unkindness have placed there. It is no credit for a woman to stay with a man, and be imposed upon though—not a bit of it! Don't open your mouth to me about the rights of a husband," as Mr. Hansom muttered something of that description. "She'll show you in future whether she has any rights you are bound to respect, if I have any influence with her. It is her right, I suppose, to bear your children, and then be treated like a slave, because the poor little things come along so fast, that she is unable to give them proper care. It is *high time* women begun to fight for their rights! high time, sir! I began my fight thirty-five years ago in the good old town of Portland—and I beat, too; and your wife will beat, else I shall miss my guess. You have got to learn that your wife is not your slave or your servant, but your companion and equal; and after you have digested that lesson, everything will go smoothly enough; and another thing, my dear child," turning to Mrs. Hansom—"wives must learn that it is just as wrong for them to accept the degradation of their positions, as it is for their husbands to attempt to force them into such galling servitude. Meekness, as a divine quality, is all very well to talk about, but a woman who considers it her duty to submit tamely to snubs, fault-finding, and general ill-treatment, in my opinion, is next door to a fool.

The logic of this argument is unanswerable. A wife who allows insult and oppression, not only forfeits the respect of the man she is bound to for a life-time, but her own, also. Who shall say that Maine is not ahead on the question of Woman's Rights?

(To be Continued.)

ECLIPSE OF FAITH.—The New York *Mercantile Journal*, in an interesting article on the late solar Eclipse, interspersed the following reflections:

The beholder who saw the dark shadow steal over the eternal luminary of the day and hide his light, knew that it was but a passing obscuration to make the genial rays seem lovelier afterward. But, alas! the anxious patriot who looks forth, now, with troubled eye upon the confusion and darkening of the law—the central light of our Republican system—has no such assurance. Faith in the people may cheer him, but he has no positive data to make his confidence implicit.

Bewilderment and incompetency where there was statesmanship; stagnation where activity reigned; discord, hatred and oppression where harmony, fraternal regard and a common devotion to liberty were the rule; the working masses ground down by burdensome taxation; a Debt, in spite of all pretences, not decreasing, even four years after the war; spoilers and politicians, insolently assuming and asserting control; cabinet officers each in turn taking upon himself authority vested in Congress and the people only, one decreasing this, to-day, and the other that to-morrow—all this is a mighty, a terrible eclipse, of which none know the end.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT NEWPORT.

From the New York Tribune.

Newport, R. I., August 25, 1869.

The Convention held its first meeting at 11 o'clock this morning. The pretty little Academy of Music, with its light, graceful interior and abominable scenery, was thrown open early and a crowd of elegantly attired and languidly interested fashionables gradually filtered in at the hour named; the hall was well filled, and a general air of half-disapprobative enjoyment prevailed. Celastine flirted gigglingly with Adolphus in a corner, glancing meanwhile at her pretty toilet of blue and white lawn, and caressing her parasol. The Mater, rotund and perspiring, was broadly and beamingly agreeable to the Pater, a very tall and slender gentleman in eye-glasses. The young man with his hair perted in the middle stood by the door talking yachts to the young man in gilt bands and brass buttons. The jolly man sat chuckling with his umbrella in one hand and his whiskers in the other. The sober man sat dolorously near the stage, with his hat between his knees. On one side George Burleigh shook his lustrous curls and smoothed his flowing beard. Just behind him leaned the philosophical Arab, Col. T. W. Higginson, his broad brow, fine eyes, and dark beard making him a very marked personage indeed. Nora Perry, bright, vivacious, blonde-haired and gray-eyed, threw her characteristically quick glances about the audience, while Mrs. Ames, the sculptress, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, sat in dignified silence together. The audience, becoming impatient at sight of the empty stage, began a well-bred clapping, whereupon two reporters ventured from behind the scenes, and peeped admiringly, poor fellows, at the pretty girls in the front row. By and by, a charming halo of silver curls became visible, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's genial face and plump figure appeared, with all the dignity of her 50 years and her mission resting upon her. She seated herself, disposing gracefully her suit of black and white silk and picturesque scarf of scarlet cashmere. Then came Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker of Hartford—one of the Beechers—gentle, slender, *spirituelle* looking like some graceful flower, with her soft curls, her kindly blue eyes, her shawl of airy black lace, and the lilac ribbons of her bonnet. Paulina W. Davis of Providence followed, her still pretty figure, and her white curls, bound in the antique Grecian style, about her shapely head, attracting many admiring glances. Then came Miss Anthony, ever stately and spectacled, ever in black silk with lace fixings. With her came Mrs. L. D. Blake of New York, a star of the Twenty-third st. Bureau, a sharp-featured little lady in white muslin; Mrs. E. B. Phelps of the Bureau, and Sarah E. Whitman, the poetess, walked in together, both in garb of black. Mrs. Paulina Davis called the meeting to order, and introduced Mrs. E. C. Stanton as the presiding officer. Mrs. Stanton stated that Woman Suffrage was the greatest question of the age, the enfranchisement of woman the greatest step in civilization. Women, she said, are being roused all over the world—they are waking up to the idea that they have responsibility. Referring to Horace Bushnell and John Stuart Mill, she said that all the greatest minds of the age are discussing the question. She thought it pitiable that a man on our side of the water should take the narrow view of the question. Mill had encouraged her to go to work afresh. We come to Newport to urge the fashionable

women of the country to consider this movement. The speaker concluded by inviting all who had anything to say to come on the platform and say it. Miss Rhoda Fairbanks, a nice little woman in black grenadine, was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.

Mrs. Stanton, *sotto voce*:—"How shall a Business Committee be appointed?" S. B. A.—"By the Chair." The Chair proceeded to name Mrs. Paulina Davis, Miss Anthony, Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Hooker and Mr. Scovel of New Jersey. Mrs. Stanton then gave a sketch of the progress of the movement for the last twenty years, after which letters from John G. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, and an unknown lady, "a very high Episcopalian," were read.

Mrs. Isabella Hooker, then seating herself quietly at a little table facing the audience, read part of a private letter from her sister, Mrs. Stowe, who excused herself from attending the Convention on plea of ill-health, said she had heard Mrs. Stanton was an elegant woman, and hoped she did not neglect family and household duties, and wanted a resolution passed quoting the New Testament text that the man is the head of woman. When Christian society was fully developed women would be admitted to full equality. Upon the conclusion of the reading, Mrs. Hooker made a few remarks upon Mrs. Stanton's ideas on dress. She thought that reformers were apt to get away ahead of the popular mind. She was sure that Mrs. Stanton herself would never adopt so unbecoming a costume. (Laughter.) She referred to the case of a lady, who, losing her husband and having a mother and blind sister to support, was obliged in the course of her labor to be much in the street at night. She didn't wear man's attire but carried a little pistol in her pocket which she knew well how to use. She thought this preferable to adopting the masculine costume.

Mrs. Stanton now announced that Mrs. Hooker would to-morrow morning read a paper on the Bible point of view of the Suffrage question. Mrs. P. W. Davis read a series of resolutions thanking John Stuart Mill for his efforts in behalf of the woman cause, paying a tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of Mrs. Mill and of Margaret Fuller, and appointing a Convention to be held in Philadelphia on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of October, 1870, to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the movement. Theodore Tilton, taking the floor, cool, emphatic and decisive as always, made a speech of some length. He said that in the growth of the world, man has been a tortoise but woman has been a snail. He affirmed that he didn't, like some people, intend to defy woman. He knew a great many good women, but there was not an angel among them. But women were better than men, and he felt that wherever a man is there ought a woman to be. People ask—"Do you want woman to step down into the dirty pool of politics?" No—but go down like an angel into the troubled waters. If politicians should go down and get well washed it would be a good thing. If politicians from this state should do so it is rather improbable that they should be recognized upon emerging. He declared that he would rather see a woman on the street with a ballot in her hand than the Grecian bend on her back. (Great applause.) If you ruck the house so, said Mr. Tilton, you'll shake down somebody's back hair. In referring to the housekeeping abilities of the reformers, he said that Anna Dickinson could make delicious bread; that Lucretia Mott presided over her

household government like a queen, and that Mrs. Stanton managed her house beautifully and with her seven sons and daughters on either side made a charming picture. He thought the sphere of woman was emphatically the home, but it was also the ballot-box. Before he died he wanted to give one arm to Mrs. Stanton and the other to Miss Anthony, and accompany the ladies to the polls. Speaking of Mrs. Stowe, he said that he wished Mrs. S. knew how to keep a secret as well as her house. Mrs. Stanton thought this the one drop of poison in Mr. Tilton's speech. Mrs. Stowe was just now the target for the jibes and jeers of the press. She believed in a woman being defended by her own sex under all circumstances.

Miss Fairbanks, Chairman of the Finance Committee, said she was not aware such a committee had been appointed, but invited the audience to come forward and contribute. Mrs. Stanton proposed to pass hats, and begged the audience near the door not to run away before the hat reached them. Miss Anthony said that as workers they had found that it was grateful to get dollars of sympathy as well as words of sympathy. The hats were passed around, and upon conclusion of this ceremony the meeting adjourned. The sum collected amounted to \$35. The audience sat in open-mouthed wonderment at the speakers as they wended their way to the hotel. During the afternoon they held quite a reception in the parlors, the fair fashionables still staring, as if in search of the horns and hocks Miss Anthony talks about. Mr. Higginson made his appearance and was warmly welcomed.

THE EVENING SESSION

was largely attended and proved to be interesting. Most of the ladies being in elegant afternoon dress, the effect was gorgeous—the bright colors and piquant style giving a home-like appearance to the hall. Mrs. Stanton opened the meeting and introduced Mr. Paul Du Chailu, the African traveller, who, in the course of a short and imperfectly pronounced speech, showed that lions and tigers had not exclusively taken his attention from Woman's Rights. His small figure, swarthy face, and dancing black eyes gave a new aspect to the Woman's Temple. Mr. Du Chailu said that he always sided with the ladies. Men say that woman is an inferior being, but he knew many women who are far smarter than men. Those men willing to put down the women have very little brain and all that is turned in the wrong direction. They are, in fact, donkeys, not to speak too severely. Men said to him, "The idea of a woman being a Senator with a baby in her arms!" He always answered, "The idea of a man being a Senator who is a continual drunkard!" The women have as much sense as men. He would stand to that until he died.

Mrs. Blake, a New York lady, in elaborate toilet of black silk, white muslin and lace, was next introduced as a neophyte in the matter of public speaking. She gave an address including the usual arguments, and was well received. She was succeeded by Mrs. Churchill of Rhode Island, a small woman in black, with an earnest face, who, detailing the noted names belonging to the movement, declared that after such minds had spoken, it was impossible to find an original thought upon the subject. Nevertheless, the lady made a long address, which agreed with those given before.

Mrs. E. C. Stanton, after inviting the audience to ask questions if so inclined, began to speak of the laws in relation to woman. She

said she had made it the business of her life to torment the legislators continually. She had at last succeeded in having the laws modified that bore so heavily upon woman. In regard to woman's qualifications for fighting, she said that in the Senate Horace Greeley, in that meek and beautiful way that only Horace can use, asked: "If you vote, will you fight?" We declared ourselves even ready for that if we were obliged to do it, but we hoped to introduce with our ballots the reign of universal peace. Still women had fought—hundreds, I am told, in the recent war—who, upon the discovery of their sex, were dismissed in disgrace, and without receiving their pay. The speaker concluded by the statement that voting was a question of getting bread and butter in the easiest way. The Hutchinson family now made their appearance, and, clustering on the stage, sang. Miss Anthony spoke, advocating the passage by the next Congress of a Sixteenth Amendment. She caused some sensation by saying that shortly, following in the wake of Chinamen, Negroes, and Alaskans, the Cuban, upon the annexation of the little island, would vote, and all before the women. She said, in speaking of the progress of the movement, that one pleasant thing was the admission of women into the ranks of reporters. She was especially glad to see this, as some of the papers had sent to report many of their meetings men who were drunk, and consequently thoroughly incompetent. (This with a glance at the back of the stage.) Upon the close of Miss Anthony's remarks Mrs. Stanton stated that the paper sending the drunken reporters was the New York Herald.

After another song (the meeting adjourned until 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. The speakers retired to the hotel, where they found an impromptu hop in progress, and for some time mingled among the guests, looking on with much interest at the gyrations of Celestine and Adolphus—the glorious in his waxed mustache, she radiant in any amount of hair and an indefinite sweep of shoulder.

From the New York World.

SECOND DAY OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN NEWPORT—THE FORMATION OF A NEW PARTY PROPOSED—UNION OF THE STRONG-MINDED AND THE FEEBLE-MINDED—A SCRIPTURE EXPOSITION.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 26.

THE Woman's Suffrage Convention reassembled at the Academy of Music, this morning, at 11 o'clock. The hall was nearly filled, the attendance including a greater number of the fashionables, both men and women, than yesterday. After Mrs. Hutchinson had called the meeting to order, the Hutchinsons sang two or three glees and choruses.

A NEW PARTY.

Mrs. Paulina W. Davis offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That as the Republican party, by inserting the word male in the Federal Constitution where it had not before existed, thus establishing an aristocracy of sex; and the Democratic party, by their general hostility to, and ridicule of, Woman Suffrage, are alike undeserving our sympathy, and that we earnestly call upon all true men in both parties to at once organize a new party based upon principle rather than expediency; a party having the prescience to see the necessity of making the nation homogeneous, of adopting a platform broad enough to embrace all humanity and lift them, however degraded, into man and womanhood, and with sufficient knowledge of human nature to see that there is not any disfranchised class, which is not, consequently, discontented, and hence dangerous to the welfare of the republic.

By a singular oversight neither this nor any

of the previous resolutions offered by speakers were put to the meeting, so that it would be difficult to tell what impression the various facts and arguments made upon the audience. This was somewhat to be regretted, as it would have been interesting to ascertain the feeling of these miscellaneous Newport audiences upon the great questions connected with the Women's Rights movement.

A SLIGHT CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. Davis denied that by elevating men you also elevated women; but she directly afterwards made the curious statement that by elevating man, woman was also elevated in an inverse ratio. By this I take it she meant that women are indirectly elevated by the elevation of men, more especially as she illustrated her argument by showing that the intercourse of slaves with refined masters and mistresses had a very beneficial tendency upon the manners and character of the former.

SPEECH BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The President then delivered a very long and able address, intended as an exposition of the views of the association in calling these conventions at the watering-places. She said the editors of all the New York papers remarked, if you can get the butterflies of fashion to consider this question the work will be speedily done. The butterflies of fashion, however, are by no means so thoughtless and frivolous as a class of beings as many may suppose. Nor are they so free and happy as others imagine; some of the wisest and the saddest women have belonged to this class. But persons in the middle class laugh at the fashionables as weak-minded, and at the Women's Rights advocates as "strong minded." It would be well, therefore, for both the fashionables and the strong-minded to enter into partnership, and make a new order of women that would be the pride and glory of America. Stupid women could live like kittens, but women with brains and souls must have some outlet for their pent-up forces. Man, in the plenitude of his power, has shut us out of the State, the Church, the college, the world of profitable work. What is left for us to do but to beguile the weary years with marriage and fashion, to chase butterflies, or to commence a vigorous crusade, as we are doing, to secure for our sex a free pass into the world of thought and action. Woman is either a slave or an equal of man, a sovereign in her own right or a subject, by divine ordination. The world is to-day waking up to the higher truth that men and women are equal complements of each other. She then proceeded to discuss the claims of women to an education in the professions and useful arts, and finally she touched upon their claims to the ballot, and showed how necessary the franchise was to enable woman to obtain fair remuneration for her work. She said this question of women's work and wages may be nearer to your hearts to-morrow than it is to-day. Your daughters may be brought to face the stark realities of life perhaps to-morrow. Your bank stocks and your wealth may be buried in your grave with you, and then consider the bitter adversity that may be tasted by those who have never learned how to earn their bread.

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITION.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker proceeded to give an outline of her ideas of the way in which the Bible should be studied in reference to this question of woman's position. She first read the narrative of the creation of man

and woman as given in the Mosaic record. She particularly called attention to the passage in the second chapter of Genesis where it is said that man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. In this passage she found nothing but an absolute statement of the equality of man and woman in position and privilege. She attempted, however, to go a step further than this, and presented a number of scientific facts to prove that the highest types of vitality take the female form. It was somewhat difficult to understand, on the whole, what this lady was driving at.

ADJOURNMENT.

After other proceedings of an uninteresting character, the Convention adjourned until the evening.

CLOSING SESSION OF THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION—ADDRESSES BY MR. FRANK MOULTON AND THE REV. PHEBE HANAFORD.

From the N. Y. World.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 26.

The last meeting of the Convention was held at the Academy of Music, this evening. Like all the rest of them, it has been chiefly remarkable for the frightful decorum which has prevailed throughout the proceedings, the audience being so attentive to the proprieties that they could hardly venture upon giving a round of applause to the speakers except at rare intervals.

The proceedings opened with music by the Hutchinsons, who seem to have established a claim to be considered the musical apostles of Woman's Suffrage.

Mrs. Ames then read a selection of poetry, concluding with Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven." Her interpretation of this great poem—making among the most extraordinary works of art that ever proceeded from the mind of man—was marked with great power, and fully up to the height of the great theme. She certainly suggested to me—and, doubtless, to most other admirers of the poem present—several new shades of meaning which had never before presented themselves, and which were as striking as they were beautiful. Mrs. Ames's features are most expressive; her eyes are dark and fringed with heavy lashes, from beneath which flash out glances of tenderness, of pathos, of horror, of irony as her theme may demand. Aided by such powerful accessories, the tones of her rich voice acquire a thousand new and delicate shades of meaning, and let the hearer into the secretest depths of poetic expression.

Mrs. Stanton, at the conclusion of the readings, came forward, and, after warmly eulogizing Mrs. Ames, introduced to the audience

Mr. Frank Moulton, whom she described as a merchant of New York. This gentleman eulogized the appearance and manners of the ladies upon the platform, and said they certainly had not offended against any canon of good taste. Then he declared that this government was not representative, because women were not represented. Finally, he declared it was necessary to revise the divorce laws.

Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, the pastor of a Universalist congregation in Massachusetts, was next introduced. She eulogized Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and other noble and faithful pioneers of the Woman's Suffrage movement, and said that the names of these women would soon be inscribed on the scrolls of fame with Wilberforce, Howard, and all the great philanthropists and benefactors of their race. She did not suppose that the ballot would get

everything for woman ; but it would help her to get better education, better wages for her labor, and better protection in her rights. Dr. Bushnell, in his book of "Curds and Whey," said that the ballot would be injurious to woman herself and to society ; but man would always be man, and woman, woman ; and the sooner both pass the conventional limit and become *humanity* the better for both. We are not afraid of any reform that will go against nature.

Mr. Stillman, of the House of Representatives of Rhode Island, said that all these great questions passed through three stages, the ridiculous, the argumentative, and the adoptive. The Woman's Rights question had met with plenty of ridicule ; but it has passed from the ridiculous stage, and is the fair subject of argument.

Miss Anthony intimated to all those ladies present who might reside in New York, or have occasion to visit the city, that the Woman's Bureau in Twenty-third street was constantly open, and that they were always glad to have ladies call upon them who were interested in this great question.

Mrs. Blake addressed the audience at some length, and after the Hutchinsons had sung the "Star Spangled Banner" the meeting adjourned.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXIII.

MANCHESTER, August, 1869.

THE WOMAN'S PROPERTY BILL AND THE LORDS.

This bill, which passed the third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of ninety-nine, more than four to one of the members present voting in favor of it, has been set aside by the House of Lords for this session and cannot become law for another year. Though its provisions secure no more than common justice to married women, and though in hundreds, probably in thousands of cases, legislation is absolutely needed to put an end to acts of gross injustice, and still further, though the bill had been strictly scrutinized and carefully matured in the House of Commons, our "hereditary legislators" have ignored all these claims and rejected the bill. They merely admit its "principle," that is, they admit that wrongs exist for which a remedy must some time be found. The pretext for getting rid of the bill in this summary manner is "the advanced period of the session."

This flagrant instance of moral imbecility on the part of the Lords will give you some idea of the kind of difficulties we have to contend with in every progressive movement. A London contemporary explains the matter thus : "The law lords, it is said, do not like the bill as an innovation, and the mass of the peers as an unorthodox measure. The husband is to be the 'head' of the wife, and they interpret headship as involving the right to confiscate her property. We say the right, for in practice there is probably not a peeress in the country unprotected by a strict settlement. This law only does for the poor what the rich do for themselves, but the peers will not pass it for all that." Having been obliged to succumb to the pressure of public opinion on the question of the Irish Church, the House of lords cling with increased tenacity to the prestige of the past, and they have made more than one effort of late to control the legislation of this country. I may men-

tion Sir J. Coleridge's bill abolishing University tests, which, though passed in the Commons, by majorities of 120 and over, has been rejected by the Lords, in a most ignominious manner, by a similar subterfuge of being "too late." The *Spectator* says, "The entire proceeding was contemptuous to the Commons to the last degree, and if next session they do not find a remedy, they will deserve what they will undoubtedly obtain, namely, the contempt of the constituencies, which look to them for laws, not mere speculative projects of law. What is the use of their proceedings when ninety-one larded proprietors, in a division, can say that their measures are not worth discussion, and so dismiss them?" These remarks apply with equal force to the Women's Property bill, which seeks to remedy much more cruel wrongs than exclusion from University degrees and emoluments.

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The rejection, by the House of Lords, of the bill for giving married women the control of their own property has forced the conviction on many minds of the absolute necessity for granting the Suffrage to woman. The difficulties which the promoters of the measure had to overcome, from the apathy and indifference of the House of Commons, are thus explained by one of our liberal journals in speaking of the Lords' pretext that the bill was sent up at too late a period of the session :

We do not deny that there is some color for this excuse ; nor are we disposed to relieve the House of Commons from all blame as to the time at which they sent the measure up to the other branch of the legislature. We have no doubt that the gentlemen in charge of the bill did their best to push it forward ; but the difficulties which attend legislation, by a private member, are such that they will be overcome by a very hearty co-operation on the part of the House generally. That co-operation, we fear, was not afforded in any large measure to Mr. Russell Gurney and Mr. Jacob Bright. Opposition was the least difficulty they had to contend with. That they could and did surmount, but indifference is more difficult to deal with. It cannot be grappled with by the most resolute determination ; while its effects are felt in the accumulation of difficulties and impediments which, though trifling in themselves, are sufficient to obstruct the progress of a measure which is not propelled by an energetic majority. If the bill had concerned men instead of women, if its delay or loss had entailed the defection of constituents, or had even been likely to excite any display of ill-temper on their part, we cannot help thinking that time would, somehow or other, have been found, even in this busy session, to pass it through its several stages, and send it up to the House of Lords before the last week in July. We ought, indeed, in strict justice, to go even deeper in our censure. The members of the House of Commons are not the parties ultimately to blame. Although public opinion has pronounced very clearly, it has not pronounced so emphatically as it ought to have done, on the subject. It has got the length of saying, "It is a good bill," but it has stopped short of adding, "and it must pass." In point of fact, men have regarded it too much as a thing that was all very well in its way, but that did not particularly concern them. Nor can we conceive a stronger practical argument in favor of Female Suffrage than the proof thus afforded that under the present state of things the most urgent grievances of women do not enlist the active sympathy, though they may command the passive recognition of those who enjoy a monopoly of political power.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

In the Endowed Schools bill, the preliminary of which has just passed the House of Commons, an amendment consisting of the words "and girls" was allowed to stand. It is the first admission of the demand now made that the government shall devote a considerable proportion of the grammar-school endowments to girls' schools. In 1868, the Schools Inquiry Commissioners instructed Mr. D. R. Fearon, a

distinguished Oxford man and an experienced school inspector, to examine into the condition of girls' schools in London, especially directing his attention to schools for the children of professional and commercial men of limited means. The result of this inquiry is recorded in a Blue-book, and Mr. Fearon has published an able summary of it in a valuable paper in the *Contemporary Review*. He points out the utter inefficiency of the present means for the education of girls of the middle class, and finds that the provision for them is far worse than that of the National and British Schools under government inspection. He concludes his report with the decision that we require the establishment and endowment of institutions for the education of girls from twelve to eighteen years of age, which may afford to them the same advantages as are now provided for boys in well-managed schools.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The results of the first examination of women by the University of Cambridge, which took place in June, have just been made known. Altogether thirty-six candidates sent in their names. Of these, eleven were absent, or failed to satisfy the examiners, and twenty-five passed, several with honors. One lady passed in Mathematics, three in Political Economy, and several obtained special marks of distinction in Arithmetic, English, French, German, and Religious Knowledge. Lectures to ladies for the Autumn Session are being organized in the principal towns. In Manchester we are to have Professor Nichol, of the University of Glasgow, to deliver a course of lectures on English Literature. Professor Roscoe, F.R.S., will follow him in a course on Chemistry. In Edinburgh, where the lectures have been eminently successful, four or five courses will be given. Several new fields have been opened as the following :

Lectures to ladies on English Literature are to be given by Professor Morley, at Winchester, in the autumn. The professor is also to give two lectures on the same subject in Newcastle. Classes for young ladies are to be opened at Windsor in October, on two afternoons in the week. Mr. William Johnson, of Eton, teaching Latin, and Mr. Oscar Browning English history ; while the Rev. Stephen Hawtry takes elementary geometry, and Mr. W. H. Harris physical geography and geology. If these succeed, other classes will follow. For the scholarships at the Women's College, at Hitchin, there are ten candidates.

LIGHT IN THE HAREM.

The Sultan, carrying out his tolerant views, has established a college on the French plan, and under French auspices, at Pera or Galata Serai, and invited children of all religious persuasions, with a view to bringing them up in harmony for the public service.

I met an Armenian gentleman, making the tour of the Highlands, in Scotland. He complained that there were no educated women in Turkey or Armenia. He said that he could not find an intellectual companion for a wife in his own country. He was a Christian, and had to go to a college at Venice for his own education. For the ladies of his country, queens though they were, he said, there was no possibility of culture. As the newspaper has proved to many minds the dawn of knowledge and of interests, superior to the petty minutiae of life, there appears to be now some hope for these ladies :

Turkish ladies, who take much more active interest in politics than European observers suppose, have for some time been suspected of reading the newspapers. Many a gentleman, who has read his Djedide Hawades through in his office, is seen punctually taking his paper home, not for reference or his own perusal. According to our English contemporary at Constantinople, the matter is

now openly avowed, and a lady's edition of the *Turak*, on the yellow paper, is regularly issued. Munif Effendi and some others made an unsuccessful effort a few years ago to start a *Turkish Illustrated News* for the ladies.

LADY DUFF GORDON—THE FRIEND OF THE ARABS.

I mentioned in my last letter the death of this charming writer and warm-hearted woman. The *Times* has the following kindly notice of her:

In Memoriam! The brief phrase whose solemnity preface millions of common-place epitaphs where Tennyson taught Grief to speak, lamenting his dead friend in every phase and variety of regret. With such gradation and difference of sorrow will the recent death of a very remarkable woman—Lady Lucy Duff Gordon—be mourned for by all who knew her, and with such a sense of blank loss will they long continue to lament one whose public success as an author was only commensurate with the charm of her private companionship. Inheriting from both parents the intellectual facilities which she so nobly exercised, her work has been ended in the very noon of life by premature failure of health; and the long exile she endured for the sake of a better climate has failed to arrest, though it delayed, the doom foretold by her physicians. To that exile we owe the most popular, perhaps, of her contributions to the literature of her country. "Letters from the Cape" and "Letters from Egypt," the latter more especially interesting from the vivid life-like description of the people among whom she dwelt, her aspirations for their better destiny, and the complete amalgamation of her own pursuits and interests with theirs. She was a settler, not a traveller among them. Unlike Lady Hester Stanhope, whose fantastic and half-insane notions of rulership and superiority have been so often recorded for our amazement, Lady Duff Gordon kept the simple frankness of heart and desire to be of service to her fellow-creatures without a thought of self or a taint of vanity in her intercourse with them, not for lack of flattery or of real enthusiastic gratitude on their part. It is known that when at Thebes, on more than one of her journeys, the women raised "the cry of joy" as she passed along, and the people flung branches and raiment in her path as in the old Biblical descriptions of Eastern life. The source of her popularity was in the liberal kindness of spirit with which she acted on all occasions, more especially towards those she considered the victims of bad government and oppressing laws. She says herself ("Letters from Egypt," page 380): "One's life becomes a perfect passion when one sits among the people as I do, and sees all they endure. Least of all can I forgive those among Europeans and Christians who can help to break these bruised reeds." And again, "Would that I could excite the interest of my countrymen in their suffering! Some conception of the value of public opinion in England has penetrated even here." Sympathizing, helping, doctoring their sick, teaching their children, learning their language, Lady Duff Gordon lived in Egypt, and in Egypt she had died, leaving a memory of greatness and goodness such as no other European woman ever acquired in that country. It is touching to trace her lingering hopes of life and amended health in her letters to her mother and husband, and to see how, as they faded out, there rose over those hopes the grander light of fortitude and submission to the will of God.

EDUCATION IN ITALY.

The elevation of the Italian nation by the education of its people has been one of the especial objects of some few earnest men and women in England for the last ten years. They have found some ardent and efficient supporters among the ladies of Italy. A bazaar has just been held at Putney, London, in aid of the Industrial Schools in that country. By the instrumentality of Mrs. Chambers two or three model schools have been founded already in the kingdom of Italy, and are highly appreciated by the people. Italy has just lost one of her noble patriot women as thus recorded:

A lady has just passed away who merits a brief notice. Laura Beatrice Mancini, a Neapolitan by birth, possessed no small share of that genius by which the Southerners are so eminently distinguished. Married at an early age to Pasquale Stanislao Mancini—a man well known in our political world—she spent many years in exile with him. An enthusiastic patriot, when the hour came, she sent two of her sons to fight for Italian independence; thus, by her own sufferings, and by the sacrifice of her best

affections, winning the love and gratitude of her countrymen. A volume of her poems was published in 1861, deriving inspiration from her devoted love of her country, and of everything generous and noble. She was the authoress, too, of four tragedies—"Ines de Castro," "Colombo," "Girolamo Olisani," and "Cola da Rienzi," the first of which has been performed both in Turin and Naples with much success. The three other tragedies are as yet unacted.

PRIZE GIVEN BY THE LADIES SANITARY SOCIETY.

The Ladies Sanitary Association lately offered a prize of £100 for the best paper on Vaccination. This prize has been won by Edward Ballard, M.D., and the Essay is published by Longmans. It has appeared very opportunely, as there is much discussion at present on the subject of vaccination. The worth of the practice has been closely questioned, and as it is compulsory by law, societies have been formed to oppose it. On the other hand, statistical data prove that since vaccination has been introduced the spread and fatality of small-pox have been arrested. Dr. Ballard's conclusions are opposed to the idea that other diseases are conveyed by means of vaccination, which is the strong objection of its opponents.

LAST EVENING IN EDINBURGH.

You see by the address that your correspondent has returned to Manchester and its busy life. Our last evening in beautiful Edinburgh was spent with our dear friend, the Secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Committee, in a walk to Arthur's Seat, and a climb to its highest point. You are aware that this singular hill, which overlooks Edinburgh and the Frith of Forth, in outline bears a striking resemblance to a lion couchant. It is on the southeast of the city, and rises 820 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect from it is most extensive, embracing the city, with the Castle towering up in the midst of it, the distant hills on the country side, and the Frith of Forth, with a long outline of sea shore on the south of the hills of Fife opposite. As we ascended, our friend described to us a lecture she had heard from Hugh Miller, on "Arthur's Seat." It was a submarine volcano, and the basalt still crops out in distinct crystalline forms on its summit. The sandstone, in which the original peak is embedded, is the accumulation of ages on ages of drift. When at the top, showing us every point of interest, historic and romantic, chronicled in the History of Scotland, the Legends of Holyrood and the Heart of Mid Lothian, she gave us Sir Walter Scott's description from "Marmion" of

Mial own romantic town.

Dalkieth, in the distance, reminded our friend of a Woman's Suffrage meeting in which she and two other ladies of the Edinburgh Committee were called upon to bear a principal part. They went as a delegation to the Reform League of Dalkieth, and were unexpectedly introduced to the platform, at a public meeting of the League. Each of the other ladies addressed the meeting, giving an account of the Woman's Suffrage movement, and a branch committee was formed in its aid. Much to their surprise, the meeting at Dalkieth was reported in the Edinburgh papers next morning, and they received the congratulations of their friends.

Believe me to be very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

Not only sound principle but gentlemanly courtesy make it my duty to break my ballot in twain, like my daily loaf, and share it equally with my wife. The one woman whose rights I am bound most to respect, is an American citizen, who wants the American citizen's ballot.—Theodore Tilton, Editor Independent.

THE MODERN OLD MAID.

She don't shuffle round in "skimpt" raiment and awkward shoes, and cotton gloves, with horn sid-combs fastening six hairs to her temples; nor has she a sharp nose, and angular jaw, and hollow cheeks, and only two front teeth. She don't read "Law's Serious Call," or keep a cat, or a snuff-box, or go to bed at dark, save on vestry-meeting nights, nor scowl at little children, or gather catnip, or apply a broomstick to astonished dogs.

Not a bit of it. The modern "old maid" is round and jolly, and has her full complement of hair and teeth, and two dimples in her cheek, and has a laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears pretty, nicely fitting dresses too, and cunning little ornaments around her plump throat, and becoming bits of color in her hair, and at her breast, in the shape of little knots and bows; and her waist is shapely, and her hands have sparkling rings, and no knuckles; and her foot is curving, and is imprisoned in a bewitching boot; and she goes to concerts and parties and suppers and lectures and matinees, and she don't go alone either; and she lives in a nice house, earned by herself, and gives jolly little teas in it. She don't care whether she is married or not, nor need she. She can afford to wait as men often do, till they have "seen life," and when their bones are full of aches, and their blood tamed down to water, and they have done going out, and want somebody to swear at and to nurse them—then marry!

Ah! the modern old maid has her eye-teeth out. She takes care of herself, instead of her sister's nine children through mumps, and measles, and croup, and chicken-pox, and lung-fever, and leprosy, and what not.

She don't work that way for no wages and bare toleration day and night. No, sir! If she has no money, she teaches, or she lectures, or she writes books or poems, or she is a book-keeper, or she sets type, or she does anything but hang on to the skirts of somebody's else husband, and she feels well and independent in consequence, and holds up her head with the best and asks no favors, and "Woman's Rights" has done it!

That awful bugbear, "Woman's Rights!" which small-souled men, and I am sorry to say, narrow women, too, burlesque and ridicule, and won't believe in, till the Juggernaut of progress knocks them down and rides over them, because they will neither climb up on it, nor get out of the way.

The fact is, the Modern old Maid is as good as the Modern young Maid, and a great deal better, to those who have out-grown bread and butter. She has sense as well as freshness, and conversation and repartee as well as dimples and curves.

She carries a dainty parasol, and a natty little umbrella, and wears killing bonnets, and has live poets and sages and philosophers in her train, and knows how to use her eyes, and don't care if she never sees a cat, and couldn't tell a snuff-box from a patent reaper, and has a bank-book and dividends; yes, sir! and her name is Phoebe or Alice, and Woman's Rights has done it.

FANNY FERN.

The moment it is clear that women desire the right of voting in political elections, and would generally exercise it if permitted, it should be conceded to them, as a matter of simple justice; and it is desirable that the subject should be agitated, were it only that whatever doubt exists on this point may be removed.—William Cullen Bryant.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1869.

"THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN."—Let everybody avail themselves of this easy chance of getting a copy of this new book of John Stuart Mill's. Just one subscription to THE REVOLUTION and \$3 will insure it by return mail, postage paid.

THE LONDON TIMES.

It is called for some reason, "the Thunderer." It has long been so called in both hemispheres. And it has at last uttered its terrible voice on the Woman question. It has thundered on the Suffrage agitation, and, as was expected, against it. It is rather, however, even at home, "distant thunder," and wholly harmless. Its silence, too, though long preserved, was equally so. It has all along regarded woman's demand for her right of Suffrage as only "visionary," but now it says, "it can at least no longer be regarded as visionary." And that is admitting a great deal. While it was only spectral and chimerical, in the brains of the like of John Stuart Mill, and his family, Jacob Bright and seventy odd other Parliament members, both Lords and Commons, and Harriet Martineau, Emily Faithful, Frances Power Cobbe, Madame Bodichon, Lydia Becker, Elizabeth Pease Nichol, Rebecca Moore, and other and similar dreamers, in both Europe and America, who have shaken the continents, the Times could sleep over it and call it visionary, adumbrated. But suddenly the vision puts on reality. The shadow crystallizes into shining, living, moving substance and power, and danger portends. Still the Times consoles and encourages itself in this not particularly original manner:

Even if these tendencies were already actually realized, if all mankind were as eager as Mr. Mill himself to recognize woman's claims to perfect equality, political no less than social, with man, it would not follow that women themselves were anxious or even willing to accept the boon. This is, we suspect, the rock upon which the proposal to give women the suffrage splits if taken out of the regions of theory and treated as a practical measure. Let any of our readers take the trouble to poll the ladies of his acquaintance, and he will find that, so far from claiming the suffrage, or any form of political equality, nine out of ten strenuously disavow all desire for it.

There are those who will dare to pronounce this sublimely "visionary," in face of the facts. The Times confesses to a change of views already. The women are also rapidly changing. This very concession of the Times will open the eyes of myriads. Until very recently the Times has seen men, common men, only as trees voting. It opposed general manhood suffrage not very long ago, worse than it does now woman's; a hundred times worse. Indeed it is difficult to say what genuine reform, reaching to amelioration of the condition of the people, it has not opposed. But the weather controls the thermometer rather more than the thermometer the weather, even in the latitude of London. After a gracefully served hash of the old and exploded objections to the measure offered in time past,

as well by large as by little men, the Times concludes thus:

But even if, theoretically, woman is capable of virtually perfect equality with man in the battle of life, this practically is anything but true of nineteenth century woman. She may, perhaps, be gradually educated up to it. But are not the National Woman's Suffrage Society in rather too great a hurry? Had they not better trust for the present to pamphlets, and leave parliamentary petitions and discussions alone? To throw people into deep water is proverbially a perilous if a short method of teaching them to swim.

What ails the "woman of the nineteenth century?" Just what ailed the men of the tenth and eleventh centuries, is it not? Subjection, and consequent degradation. And what wrought the change? The Times would say, "swimming" on the floor, on the table, or on the ground, not going into "deep water." Perhaps the Times learned its swimming thus. It certainly practices thus; and with most hydrophobic prudence, avoids all deep and perilous waters. And then another sage counsel: "trust for the present to pamphlets, and leave parliamentary petitions and discussions alone."

Slaveholders used to say, the right to think against slavery involved the right to speak against it; and that was discussion. And discussion involved the possibility, at least, of action against it, and abolition of it altogether. "But," they told us, "you have no right to abolish it, therefore you have no right to discuss it, to speak about it, or even to think about it."

The London Times had better throw in the "pamphlets" with the "discussions" and "petitions," and deprecate and denounce all action whatsoever. Pamphlets, it is said, produced the French Revolution of 1789. They are, indeed, terrible things. The press alone is a sharper guillotine than slew the Girondins. It alone is a lightning-rod to conduct all the bolts of tyranny innoxious to the earth.

One question determines all—one very simple question: Where did one mere man get the right to lord it over another man? or to the same purport, how came all men by the right to lord it over all women? It has long been conceded that "kings do not rule by right divine." No more do men over women, or one another, without consent. Whoever has his neighbor's right of suffrage in his keeping and control, is a thief, a robber, a usurper. Such a claim is unnatural and unjust. Not one argument has ever been adduced in its support. Kings were unmitigated, unendurable tyrants until their claim to rule and reign by Nature, or by God's appointment, was wrested from them. Man is the same tyrant to woman, even unto this hour. He holds control wholly by usurpation. He may rule sometimes leniently. So did some kings, and some slaveholders. But their unrighteous and unjust prerogative existed, none the less. There are women, to-day, who are held only by silken cords. There are others, and their number is legion, whose iron collars eat into their very soul and spirit. The principle under which both are held, is the same. It is tyranny. Nothing less and nothing more. And then what a monstrosity to permit one woman all the power, privilege, prestige of crown, sceptre and throne, in even a constitutional monarchy, omnipotence, almost, over the whole realm, and deny to equally worthy and wealthy women, the paltry right of a vote on their own town and parish taxation!

P. P.

CORRESPONDENTS would oblige very much by condensing their communications.

WHO WERE THERE?

ONE of the marked features in our late Convention, was the new class of people who watched its deliberations. Sitting on the platform we noted many faces familiar to us in the fashionable world.

There was Luther R. Marsh, one of our New York Lawyers, with his beautiful wife, the daughter of the late Alvan Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Moulton of Brooklyn, the two Mrs. Ames, equally known, one in art and one in literature; Mrs. William H. Grenough, the President of the New York Medical College for Women, and the mother of Mrs. Moulton, whose voice and musical genius is the wonder of the world. There, too, sat Julia Ward Howe, the gifted President of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association, and Col. T. W. Higginson, who in peace and war is ever at the post of duty. There, too, sat Nora Perry, gifted in prose and verse, with her bright face and flaxen curls, making as usual her witty, sarcastic remarks on all that was passing, and charming little Mrs. Patton, the Abbey Hutchinson of long ago still occasionally singing with her brothers, the sweet promise

"We'll do nothing wrong
But sing you the song."

Judges, Lawyers, Clergymen and Editors, the pulpit, the bench, the forum and Wall Street were all alike earnest listeners to the new gospel. As we looked at the audience that crowded every session, we wished that some woman's lips could be touched with a live coal from the altar of God, to utter with new power, in living, burning words, the coming glory of the higher civilization when woman should be free.

On the platform beside the familiar faces, sat Mrs. Ames. Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Moulton, Mr. Stillman, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Du Chaillu, and several ladies from Providence, who, for the first time, had graced a Woman's Right platform. Mrs. Stowe was represented by a kind letter of criticisms, of some of our sins of commission, but heartily recognizing the truth of our principles. Perhaps the world's indiscriminating criticisms of herself just now will teach her the worthlessness of public opinion, as to those who dare to attack old customs, hoary with vice and crime. Mrs. Stowe's sister, Mrs. Hooker, made her first public speech. Her orthodox exposition of woman's equality, as set forth in the Bible, was worthy the illustrious family of D.D.'s, to which she belongs.

Mrs. Hooker's personal is pleasing and impressive. She is tall, graceful, has a large, well shaped head and sparkling face, regular features, and is said to be the best looking Beecher extant.

The self-possession with which she made her first appearance, and the ease with which she kept the attention of her audience to the close, show, that if she had been educated with the freedom and thoroughness of her brother, even Henry Ward Beecher, as an orator, might have found an equal in his own sister.

Many of the ladies who sought our acquaintance at the hotel expressed their surprise and pleasure to find that our party had neither hoofs nor horns, angles, sharp points or high cheek bones, but were in all respects to be pleased and tempted like unto other women. Last, though not least, came Mr. Du Chaillu, the distinguished Frenchman whose name has been so intimately associated with the gorilla. As a naturalist, he gave his testimony to the

equal influence of the masculine and feminine elements in vegetable and animal life, and ridiculed the absurd assumption of his own sex, of superior skill and endowments for man. Take it all, in all, with the Hutchinson family thrown in, this Convention was a marked success.

In such gatherings there will always be something to offend one's taste, but this must needs until "men and women are made to order," as Swift says. The Convention over, the party scattered to their rooms, we sat down alone in the moonlight, in sight and sound of old ocean, pondering many things, that should, and should not be, words not always fitly spoken, acts not always generous and grand. The world to-day is ready to listen, but where are the inspired women to make their demand? Tomorrow we shall have full equality granted us, and all our rights secured; but where are the women ready to enter into this glorious inheritance?

Oppressed with a sense of human infirmities, we sought consolation in thoughts of the boundless sea, stretching out on all sides beyond the silent town. And listening to the tidal waters, they seemed to say, be lifted up with contemplation of the mighty waves of progress rolling on the shores of time. Great souls should never be troubled with the weeds and wrecks they wash upon the sands.

E. C. S.

MISS ANTHONY AND THE LABOR CONGRESS.

Editor of the Revolution:

DURING my editorial connection with your paper, I had frequent occasion to notice very favorably the *American Workman*, a Boston journal devoted to the cause of Labor Reform. You will be glad to know that in the contest over Miss Anthony in the late Labor Congress in Philadelphia, the *Workman* Editor, a Massachusetts delegate, defended very nobly her right to membership, and has done the same in his paper ever since. It should also be said that on the general question of right of Suffrage, he and the labor associations of New England represented by his paper, hold unitedly and firmly to its impartial extension without any distinctions of color or sex.

The following from the *Workman* of the 28th of August is an unmistakable defining of position.

We are glad to see that the New England delegates were a unit in the support of this leading representative of the Woman Suffrage reform. If the convention had been called altogether in the interests of trade-unions, the objections interposed might have had some validity. We are inclined to think that if Mr. Sylvius had been living, the opposition to Miss A. would not have taken the organized and active and persistent shape it did. Certainly, the views of the late president and Miss Anthony accorded in all essential points; and the influence of THE REVOLUTION has been constantly in the line of support of the body to whom she had credentials as a delegate. Mr. Sylvius was chairman of the committee at the previous Congress which entertained the subject of labor newspapers and documents, and which warmly endorsed her paper. The course of her journal has not wavered since then, from the stand taken at first. It was a narrow spirit which sought to entrap her in the meshes of technical quibbling, or hold her amenable in open convention to the rigid rulings of local trade-unions. If open to charges of delinquency as an employer, she was certainly amenable to quite another constituency; and the New York Typographical Union should have fought the matter out at home, and not at Philadelphia. We are sorry that the elements of opposition triumphed, and are quite sure that when there shall be a more general admittance of the woman element in similar labor-gatherings, we shall hear less about quibble, and more about earnest work. Certainly, he must be a short-sighted

person who cannot see that labor reform needs the support of the women of the country, irrespective of their views upon the matter of the ballot.

Another encouraging circumstance in connection with the National Labor Congress, is the fact that in spite of the sneers of the New York Union, No. 6, at "Women, Negroes and Chinamen," women were recognized as worthy of recognition on terms of the fullest equality, not only in that Congress, but everywhere else. Miss Wallbridge, a Massachusetts delegate, was not only admitted as a member, but was placed at the head of one of the important committees. The *Workman* says of her, "too much praise cannot be awarded Miss W. for her courage, her discretion, her warm espousal of Miss Anthony's sex, and her general practical efficiency."

Another communication in the same paper, written from Philadelphia during the Congress, refers to Miss Anthony in the following terms:

There was considerable sharp discussion when the question of admitting Miss Susan B. Anthony, as a delegate from the Working Women's Association of New York, came up. A delegate from that city made some serious charges against her on account of her alleged want of sympathy with working women. She was not admitted at the close of yesterday's session; but the matter comes up again this morning, and bids fair to cause a sharp debate. Miss Anthony can certainly take care of herself, and will no doubt be admitted. The most singular part of the matter is, that the colored delegates, whose cause she has so long advocated, were a unit against her admission—a fact which I cannot understand.

Many are surprised at the course of the colored delegates, but they need not be when it is remembered that in the old slave states, where they are admitted to the Suffrage, they are voting in such numbers with the democracy, as at almost every election the majorities are in favor of that party. It is true that Miss Anthony, the head and front of the Woman's Right movement, at the opening of the war, suspended every operation and instrumentality in its behalf until slavery was swept by the thunderstorms of every plantation, directing every energy of that association, as far as within her power, in favor of the speediest as well as completest emancipation; making nearly every member of it, along with hundreds and thousands of others, petitioners to the President and to Congress for the measure, both for the salvation of the country from the awful ravages of war, and for the sake of the millions of slaves. It is not less true that she made THE REVOLUTION from its beginning, the uncompromising advocate of impartial suffrage without distinction of color as well as of sex, and has so continued it. The colored delegates in the Philadelphia Congress voted against her, as so many colored men vote against the republican candidates in nearly, if not quite, every election.

So, too, very few colored people were ever subscribers to the *Liberator*, with all Mr. Garrison's eminent and life-long devotion to their interests. Very few of them, comparatively, ever attended the Anti-Slavery anniversaries and conventions. Even in New Bedford, Mass., where, were enough of them to make two or three religious societies and churches, I have attended Anti-Slavery conventions along with Mr. Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Frederick Douglass, and not ten colored men were seen in the house. Nor more than that number of women. Not that they did not know, admire and mainly approve of Mr. Garrison and all his measures, but there were reasons, good and sufficient, at least to themselves, for being elsewhere at the time. The republican party will not be saved by them, nor probably will the cause of Woman ever be

greatly indebted to them, as a people, for support. Providence has other purposes to fulfil with and concerning them, which lie in different directions altogether. And no American, man or woman, need ever be surprised at their voice, vote, or other action. They are not yet understood; nor are the works and ways of God respecting them. Africa has ever held, in some way, an important place in the world's history; and will for a good while yet to come. But my paper grows too long.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

LYNN, Mass., August 29, 1859.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

A State Woman's Suffrage Association has been organized in San Francisco, which is to be an auxiliary to the National Woman's Suffrage Association. The head centre of this organization is San Francisco. Vice-Presidents have been nominated for every precinct—auxiliaries are being established in every county and town in the state—to be in communication with the Corresponding Secretary at San Francisco. At the recent meeting the oldest and youngest women of our city were represented and the feeling evinced was earnest and sincere—proving that no effort could be too great in this cause. One and all felt the individual responsibility resting upon them as workers for freedom. Resolutions were formed and letters were read from the interior, showing the feeling throughout our state. And it was believed that by this organization we should learn our strength. Every woman in the state who desires civil rights is requested to place herself in communication with the secretary of the association as early as possible. Any letter addressed to Mrs. E. T. Schenck, President of the Association, or Mrs. Tyler Curtis, Secretary, will receive prompt attention.

We believe the time has come for earnest effort—without concealment, without compromise. We do not believe in gradual abolition, but in immediate and unconditional emancipation in the name of humanity—and therefore we think the right step has been taken at last in our state. We believe that those who still refuse to recognize the civil rights of woman, strike at the foundation of equitable government, contending for an aristocracy of sex, which is as cruel and unjust as that of hereditary descent, and proves human freedom to be one-sided and selfishly partial. Woman occupies to-day an inconsistent position, neither recognized as slave or equal. The first great object for her to obtain is the right of citizenship, and we believe that it is the duty of every commonwealth to petition their legislature that the right of ballot shall not be limited to men alone, for women are taxed, but not represented; authorized to hold property, but not to control it; permitted to form political opinions, but not allowed to use them. We believe that the feminine element is necessary to complete the harmony of life in government as in other departments. If our government is a protector and educator, then does it need the peculiar characteristics of woman. She has the capacity to aid specially in legislation. Her influence in regard to treatment of crime and prison discipline is the element most needed. Man's efforts have been crude and imperfect, because partial. Salutary change in many ways will be the result of the blending of the masculine and feminine elements in statecraft. Voting is but the expres-

sion of an opinion, and there can be no objection to the expression of honest convictions by woman through the ballot. Not the interests of woman alone, but the interests of all humanity are involved in this great question of suffrage.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

FROM ANNA DICKINSON.

PRIVATE LETTER TO MISS ANTHONY.

GRASS VALLEY, Cal., Sept. 19, 1869.

DEARLY BELOVED: How are you? I wonder. This useless to ask, however, as you make no sign, and what may be I shall be none the better on this coast, as I shall probably leave it ere I can hear from you.

I have been having and am having a wonderful summer, crowded with new experiences and with a delightful sense of freedom from work. For the matter of speech making, I gave three lectures in San Francisco, then I have spoken three or four times elsewhere—twice in Sacramento. You will see what the Sacramento papers think. The "leading citizens" have sent me the invitation mentioned in the notice and I have accepted it, and you shall hear of the result. Be it known unto you, to whom 400 sounds small, that that number is about all the hall holds.

Everywhere I have been importuned to speak, and the most earnest interest has been manifested in the great question I have to present. From San Francisco alone, after it was known that I would speak at all, I received fifty-one invitations from Benevolent, Literary, Religious, every kind of society, and from independent sources.

I shall not go into a discussion of the state of society and feeling here, since I have not the time, and in any case, will want to go over it so much more fully with you when I see you.

The Eastern papers rarely reach me, so I cannot tell what you are doing; but now and then I hear of a Convention, or such matter at some of the great watering places. "Let the good fight go on."

I hope you are well in spite of many cares, and happy in spite of many anxieties. For me, I am flourishing like a pine tree on the Sierra's and with love to Mrs. Stanton am always

Your loving ANNA.

MISS DICKINSON'S second lecture drew a full and fashionable house at the Metropolitan last night. The attendance must have numbered four hundred. The theme "Nothing Unreasonable," was simply the text of a very well digested discourse upon the rights of women to vote and exercise other political duties which time out of mind have been monopolized by men, and of the duty and policy of men to concede this right as soon as may be. In this, as in her previous lecture, Miss Dickinson was logical in a high degree, and enforced her arguments with apt and ringing illustrations. It would be difficult to collect four hundred California ladies and gentlemen in full sympathy with the sentiments of the lecturer on this subject. Yet, such was the force and method of her reasoning, that she held them in the closest attention for over an hour and a half; and, judging by appearances, won over many converts to her theory. In truth, it must be admitted that she has the easy side of the question, if not the popular one, and as the constant dripping of water is sure to wear a hole in the solidest rock, it is not to be doubted that those who are agitating the question of political rights for women will sooner or later wear away many of the antiquated prejudices existing against it. Those who only heard Miss Dickinson last night cannot form a correct idea of her power and persuasiveness as a speaker, nor of the infinite womanly grace and pathos she is capable of intermingling with the higher intellectual powers of her nature, as exhibited in her first lecture on "The Struggle for Life." She goes hence to Grass Valley, and will probably return to this city next Monday. Meanwhile we suggest to those who are anxious to hear one

of the very best essays ever made by a woman in the range of intellectual effort, that some of our leading citizens request her to repeat the first lecture here on, her return.—*Sacramento Union.*

HESTER VAUGHAN.

ROCHESTER, August 20, 1869.

MRS. STANTON: I have just read in your last issue the articles regarding Hester Vaughan, as well as all that have appeared from time to time in your valuable journal.

Last winter, after reading an account of the visit of Dr. Lozier, with others of the Committee, to Gov. Geary and poor Hester, being then a resident of Philadelphia, I determined to make the effort to see, and, if possible, do something to comfort her.

My first plan was to make the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, hoping that under her generous wing, I might obtain admittance, but learning that a party from the institution of which I was a member, would soon pay a visit to Moyamensing Prison, I eagerly joined it, mentioning to the professor who accompanied us, that my chief object in going was to see Hester Vaughan; and begging her to seek an interview with one of the inspectors, and gain me admittance to her dreary cell. This she readily consented to do, expressing a similar desire on her own part.

After being shown about the prison, our guide was asked for one of the inspectors, and at this moment Mr. Chandler appeared in the hall.

Our Professor, "one of the good and humane Quakers," introduced herself, and after a brief conversation, mentioned that one of her party greatly desired an interview with Hester Vaughan.

Scarcely had the name been pronounced, before the Inspector cried out in an impatient tone, that Hester Vaughan was not there on exhibition! That she was extremely annoyed by so many persons calling to see her, and had sent down a special request that no more should be admitted during her residence there. These and many more were his utterances, and if I could convey to you his manner and tone, I am sure you would not wonder that then and there, all hope and almost all desire of seeing one with whom we had deeply sympathized, was relinquished. And why not? This individual, Mr. Chandler, who (judging from the account of Dr. Lozier) was a good friend of Hester, informed us that she was annoyed with so many calls, and utterly declined to have any more.

This visit occurred during the holidays—and my object in sending this statement is to answer the questions, "Where were the thousands of pious, prying, Protestant women in the city of Brotherly Love?" "Where were the hundreds of wealthy Quaker women in the city and neighborhood, always proverbial for their humane and good works?" That many of them had journeyed to Moyamensing with sympathy in their hearts, and words of comfort upon their lips, as we thus journeyed through cold and snow, and were repulsed, is evident from the words of the Inspector—"she is greatly annoyed by so many calls."

When the mystery which hangs about her sad destiny is solved, the reason why so many were turned away who did go, will also be known. I believe that you desire to do justice to all—and I beg that you will not again permit it to be printed that nobody in Philadelphia but Dr. Smith went to her cell. That she was the first who went, is greatly to her praise, and is, I believe, the real reason why she succeeded in gaining admittance. Those who were in the secret very

soon became wise enough to discover that it was not a safe proceeding, hence others were excluded.

May the day speedily come, when "the sick and in prison" may be visited and comforted without a pass from Gov. Geary.

Truly yours,

HARRIET C. L. HOPKINS, M.D.

WOMAN AND MOTHERHOOD.

In number 25, vol. 3d, of THE REVOLUTION, I noticed from the editor of a German paper in this state these words: "American women have long been ardently engaged in the endeavor to free themselves, in a mechanical way, from the discharge of those functions which are essential to the continuance of society, and which cannot be shared with them, or performed for them, by men." The gallant editor unquestionably refers to the office of maternity. This and similar articles have from time to time been so ably answered in your paper, that it seems almost unnecessary to add anything further upon the subject; but the boldness with which many men blame women for the crime of infanticide without assuming themselves, in the case, a shadow of responsibility, I should think would rouse every mother, at least, to utter words in self-defence. That American women are more guilty of this practice than the women of any other nation, I do not doubt; but is there not a reason for this?

Knowledge and slavery are incompatible. Teach a slave how to read, and he wants to be his own master—and as the masses of American women, not only know how to read and write, but so much of the "tree of knowledge" have many of them eaten, that they have learned it should be for them to decide when and how often they shall take upon themselves the sacred duties of motherhood, but as law and custom give to the husband the absolute control of the wife's person, she is forced to not only violate physical law, but to outrage the holiest instincts of her being to maintain even a semblance of that freedom which by nature belongs to every human soul.

When a man steals to satisfy hunger, we may safely conclude that there is something wrong in society—so when a woman destroys the life of her unborn child, it is an evidence that either by education or circumstances she has been greatly wronged. But the question now seems to be, how shall we prevent this destruction of life and health?

Mrs. Stanton has many times ably answered it—"by the true education and independence of woman."

Our German writer seems to think that the whole aim of a woman's life should be motherhood. Suppose this were true, is the mission of so little importance that no preparation is required to fill it? If, to be a first class artist, or lawyer, it requires years of thought and culture, what preparation should be made to carve the outlines and justly balance the attributes of an immortal soul. Are little children, the germs of men and women, of so little importance that it matters not whether their mother be physically healthy or unhealthy, cultivated or uncultivated in mind; expanded or dwarfed in soul? Some or no culture must be desirable in the mother. If so culture, then how much? Shall she have strong arms but weak legs, strong stomach but weak lungs, keen imagination but devoid of reason, large perception but no reflection? We are forced to ask, by what law shall

we decide when woman is sufficiently developed in body and mind to be a good mother? Before what tribunal shall she be judged? Does not reason answer, the council chamber of her own being?

If she is by nature talented, is not this a silent declaration that her talents should be cultivated to their fullest extent. If we require any culture in the mother, the legitimate conclusion is, the more the better. If woman enters the seminary and finishes a preparatory course, the natural sequence is she has a right to a collegiate course. When here she has become acquainted with science, what course of reasoning shall we pursue to prove she should not cull the flowers to test her knowledge of botany, or gather stones to apply her knowledge of geology. Admit she may do all this, then how can we consistently deny her the privilege of studying our laws, to learn how far, as a nation, we are in advance of the ancient Greeks and Romans of whom through history we have become acquainted.

If she discovers that our legislation is superior to their's, but thinks it might still be improved, shall we deny her the privilege of expressing her opinions here? If not, then we have in spirit granted the right of suffrage, and with it the right to hold office, and what follows.

The ability to frame laws, making the husband and wife equal owners in the property accumulated by their united industry and economy, making the mother the guardian of her own children, the owner of her own body in short, the controller of her own destiny.

Admit woman may learn the alphabet, and you admit she may cultivate every faculty of her mind, every attribute of her soul and every function of her body to its fullest capacity.

I will not refer to our jails and prisons, our institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiotic and insane, to illustrate the necessity of such a type of womanhood, but simply to the editor who wrote the clause we have quoted, and to all men and women who answer amen to his sentiments.

If we would make woman free, let us teach her the alphabet of human life, make her understand and value true womanhood. Then she will scorn to be man's petted slave. She will scorn his smiles and courtesies, when they are proffered only as an excuse for justice.

Oh, motherhood! which our opposers say is woman's holiest mission. We cannot have true mothers without having true womanhood first. Let us see that our daughters are developed into true women, and the office of maternity will take care of itself. Remove woman's shackles and she will soon create a public opinion that will declare it a disgrace for a man to outrage the woman he has sworn to protect. Then, and not till then, will men's shackles fall, for noble manhood must be the legitimate fruit of free and exalted womanhood. Brothers, 'tis for you, as well as ourselves we plead. Will you neglect so great a salvation?

MATTIE H. BRINKERHOFF.

Polio, Illinois.

WHAT SOME SCOTTISH WOMEN DID.—At the battle of Glenfruin, in the 16th century, between the Highlanders and the King's troops, the latter were defeated and a great number of them slain by the MacGregor's, while the former, it is said, lost but two men. Whereupon the widows of the slain, in order to press the King, James VI., to revenge the slaughter of their husbands, appeared before him to the

number of 220, in deep mourning, riding upon white palfreys, and each bearing her late husband's bloody shirt on a spear. The result was favorable, as soon after a decree was published pronouncing death to all who bore the name of MacGregor.

PROPERTY RIGHTS OF WIVES.

KANSAS has at least one woman with eyes to see. Mrs. Nichols is writing a series of letters to the Topeka Commonwealth which cannot but exert a powerful influence on the future legislation of that state, liberal as it is now supposed to be. The following is one of them, and its disclosures are commended to the consideration of women who read THE REVOLUTION, everywhere. For if it be so in Kansas, the most liberal state in the Union, how is it in the other states?

In previous communications I have shown that the Homestead Exemption law is unequal to woman, inasmuch as it takes one half from the widow where the youngest child is twenty-one years of age; and at any time previous, if she marries—while the husband holds it during his life, subject to no such conditions. Also, that all personal property exemptions are vested in the husband. He can sell or mortgage, without the wife's consent, and stake at the gambling table or betting stand, the cows, provisions, beds and other household furniture, and thus defeat the intention of the law, and of her efforts, to keep a comfortable lodgment for herself and little ones.

I now propose to show that wives who hold neither property nor earnings in their own name, are *paupers*; the law requiring husbands to furnish them a comfortable support, just as it requires towns and counties to furnish a comfortable support for persons *incompetent to support themselves*.

To speak of the wife's right in the estate, real and personal, accumulated by the joint savings and earnings of husband and wife, is dealing in [legal] fiction; *widowhood* being absolutely necessary to give her any claim to *hold, convey or use* any portion of the same. The title deeds to such real estate are drawn to the husband and his heirs, consequently she has no control of it or its proceeds; and only a prospective claim to "dower," which may never become a possessory right, it being contingent upon her husband's death during her life. As only a minority of husbands own real estate and die first, so only a minority of wives come in possession of "dower," which in Kansas, is one half the estate, in fee simple. As the husband's death is necessary to perfect her right of dower, it follows that she has no title by which she can convey it during his life; and being deeded to him and his heirs, her decease, prior to his, forever bars her heirs, as such, from all right of succession to her share of earnings and savings in the estate. His children, by another, wife, share equally with her own, in property thus accumulated by her industry and economy. Another wife may take her vacated position and the *dower*—which our legislators claim makes her property rights equal to her husband's—while her children, by a former husband, who had no claim to a home with her during her second marriage, have no share in the estate even at decease.

All our laws, investing wives with property rights, come under the head of class legislation—only certain classes being affected thereby. A class of wives hold property and earnings in their own right; such property they can convey

with the husbands consent; or without his consent, subject, as in the sale of his estate—to the prospective claim of dower, he being entitled to one-half of her real estate if she decease first. But even these women are not equals with their husbands in property rights, for their joint earnings and savings are the husband's to use, control and convey—the real property only, being subject to her claim of dower. I have known many sales of estates by the husband, where the wife refused to sign the deed, not choosing to relinquish her prospective right of dower. But I have only known two cases where the wife's right of dower was perfected by the husband's death:—in each the widow, by an *expensive lawsuit*, recovered the appraised value. Such is the law of real estate. Personal property, held in her own right, the wife can sell and use, without legal let or hindrance of the husband. But personal estate—the stock and proceeds of the estate in common (?), is absolutely the husband's to sell; lose in endorsements; waste in riotous living; or give away, *during his life*; but he cannot by will void her right to the half of what remains—unsold and unmortgaged, and unconsumed by expenses of sickness, etc., at his decease. The law is more considerate to the children and even strangers; for they can receive gifts of him to the extent of half the real and all the personal property; while in law she cannot hold, as against creditors or heirs, a sucking calf—his gift during life. To prevent the husband from defrauding his creditors by conveyances of property to the wife—the state defrauds the wife of rights common to all other citizens—the right to receive gifts and considerations where she renders both love and service. Many a man sees the injustice of the law and seeks to right the wrong by tender care of his wife, and a just provision for his widow—too often with indifferent success. Many a woman, whose otherwise kind husband, withheld the means during his life, sorrowfully accepts her widow's dower, as the means of gratifying personal tastes and securing conveniences, comforts and economies—to him unconsidered trifles. Do men ask the remedy I propose for the present invidious legal distinctions? It is that the wife be legally joint partner and proprietor in the common estate; no notes, endorsements or other obligations to be valid against her half of the same, without her signature.

C. I. H. NICHOLS.

CAN WOMEN FARM?

A WISCONSIN writer says: "In rambling up the Chippewa a few days ago, we chanced upon a brown-faced girl plowing out a twenty acre corn field. She was rigged in a snaff colored "bloomer," with a straw hat. She was evidently all girl, and working with a will. She had been in the field since early morning, taking long strides behind a spirited horse, with the lines thrown across her shoulder, and both hands firmly at the plow. It was just "good fun," she said, to take care of twenty acres, and away she strode through the long rows.

On inquiry, we learned that our corn-field heroine was one of two New Hampshire girls, who migrated with their parents to Eau Claire, some dozen years ago. They bargained for a quarter section of wild land and set about making a farm. There were no boys in the family. The girls were young, bright, healthy, and full of pluck and vigor. Their mother dressed them

in bloomers, and gave them their choice in doors or out. From the start, they took the place of boys; they were not afraid of dust or sunshine; they never complained; they never tired out; they seldom missed a day from the fields through all the seasons, from earliest spring to latest autumn. As they grew older, they grew tough and wiry, and were alike ready at handling teams, breaking colts, building bridges, opening roads, fording creeks, clearing meadows, loading hay, binding grain, or mounting a straw stack. In good seasons they cut eighty tons of grain. In winter they attended school, and took care of sixty head of cattle, drawing hay from the swamps in the coldest weather. They hired no help except at harvesting.

The girls are now eighteen and twenty years of age, and have done more farm work than any two boys in the country. Their father, beginning with nothing, is now rich, with broad fields, and thousands of ready stamps, mostly achieved through the grit and energy of his daughters.

During the present season the girls have "let up" a little on their out door accomplishments, and are only cultivating twenty acres of corn for their own amusement. They have built them a spacious residence. They attend balls and parties, go a-trouting, drive their own teams, and occasionally give the boys a chance to show their spunk and gallantry. Of course such girls are objects of excitement and interest in their neighborhood. They are now in their freshest bloom, and what may seem as strange, they are neither coarse nor masculine in appearance; they are simply round, trim, sprightly, full-breasted girls, with resolution in their eye, and plenty of good sense in their heads.

WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING UNION.

The women compositors return their thanks to the public for the confidence they have placed in their efforts—the disposition they have shown to patronize them in their enterprise. They are much encouraged by these signs of the times. They know that as far as their limited material will permit that they can compete with any office in the city. The work they have done as an incorporation, has given general satisfaction, which is proven by renewed orders. The object of the selling of shares is to obtain capital to purchase more material, in order that more women may be employed, and more young girls can learn type setting. Constant applications are made for positions, which must be rejected, owing not to want of work, but to want of type. We hope the public will remember when they buy shares it is to afford employment to the working women of San Francisco.—*San Francisco Sun day Mercury.*

MARINONI.—In the singing world women are more than on a par with man, they are acknowledged his superiors. Where is the man that will set ones ears in such a delightful flutter as Patti or Parepa? We are glad to see another woman stepping on to the stage and grasping a fortune in the person of Madame Giulia Marinoni, an Italian lady, who made her debut at Milan last year, and has since been on a successful tour in Sweden, gaining honor, and last, but not least, a plentiful supply of the "Almighty dollar." She will of course visit America soon, and we predict that the name of Marinoni will then be as familiar to the American ear as Patti and Parepa are now. Who next?

PROVIDING FOR CHILDREN.

A RATHER hard visaged correspondent is writing letters to the *Alta Californian* on "Our boys and girls." On the subject of "providing" for them, he has this:

Parents as a general thing are ever worrying to provide wealth for their children—"providing" for them, as the phrase goes. This is a grand mistake. I have been watching the world at home and abroad for at least thirty years. I very, very seldom have met any one, man or woman, who had been provided for by parents that ever did any good in the world. Such persons are mostly always failures. On the other hand, I notice that those who have done anything, or have anything, were rent out into the world at an early age without any provision from parents. Those that have been the greatest failures in the world have been the Greek-and-Latin boys and the piano-playing girls. If parents would take hints from nature as to the management of their young, the hen would furnish an excellent model lesson. No sooner does the careful and thoughtful mother, the hen, and her chickens well covered with feathers, their talons strong enough to scratch the earth, than she immediately drives them from her presence and says to them as plainly as a hen can speak it, "My good boys and girls, I have raised you and scratched food for you up to this; you are now able to scratch for yourselves; go out into the fields and the roads and the barns; look out for your own food in future." The parents who shall adopt this maxim towards their children will *well provide* for them. Every boy and every girl, from the age of twelve upwards, should be set to earn his and her own maintenance. The boy of twelve years who earns his own maintenance at that age may be set down as the making of a useful, independent man—one who will not only find ready employment at all times for himself, but give employment to many others in the course of his future life; and ditto, ditto of the girl. Of such only, great nations are composed.

The Working Women hold a meeting at Plinpton Hall this (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock, to hear Miss Anthony's report from the Labor Congress.

HO, FOR NIAGARA!—Not more frantic was the Fenian rush for the Canadian frontier a year or more ago, than will be the begonia of tourists, excursionists and pleasure seekers in the same direction as soon as the hand-bills now so numerously circulated by the Erie Railway Company, shall have carried to every destitute household, every busy warehouse, every toilsome, dreary counting-room and office, the welcome intelligence that an excursion ticket to Niagara Falls and back can be purchased at the ridiculously small price of fourteen dollars, and to Buffalo and return for one dollar less, giving the holder a chance to ride in one of those luxurious drawing-room cars, to be whirled rapidly past a panorama which for grandeur and sublimity of landscape and pictorial scenery has no equal this side of the Alps, or of sunny Italy, and finally to see the celebrated Falls of Niagara in the height of their summer glories. It is difficult to resist such temptations as a trip like this offers, nor will any, we imagine, who can possibly avail themselves of the opportunity, fail to do so. Tickets are valid for passage westward on the day of purchase, and for return eastward any time within thirty days thereafter.

FINE SILVER PLATED WARE.—J. L. Harlem & Co., manufacturers of Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, have been long and favorably known at their old stand in Maiden Lane as men of fair dealing and uprightness. There may be found at their extensive establishment, a choice collection of Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Baking Dishes, Wine Frames, etc., etc., and what every family needs at this season of the

year—a splendid Ice Pitcher, which they have to suit all tastes and pockets. This firm warrants every article to be as they represent them. Give them a call. J. L. Harlem & Co., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

LITERARY.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Devoted to Literature, Science, Art and Politics. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: 713 Broadway. Four dollars per annum; single 35 cents. Everybody will have to bny the September number for Mrs. Stowe's remarkable apocalypse of Lord Byron. No article, no book ever has secured the stagnation of so many souls in many a month, as has Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Lord Byron's Life." It may be true, but surely no tale ever told was worse believed, whether true or otherwise. The press, to a man, almost, seems to disbelieve it, declares it is not true. The women have hardly yet spoken.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for young people. New York: Hurd & Houghton. \$2.50 a year. And just one of those works to make us old folks wish we were young again, or that they had begun a half century sooner. September has a beautiful frontispiece and numerous engravings besides.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Once a Month and Children's Hour, all by T. S. Arthur & Sons. Philadelphia: 8th and 811 Chestnut street.

HERALD OF HEALTH. New York: Wood & Holbrook, 13 & 15 Light street. \$2 per annum. A Herald of Health and many other excellent things, Woman's Rights included—good family entertainment and instruction.

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Boston: Alexander Moore, 21 Franklin street. 20 cents single. \$2 per annum.

EVERY SATURDAY. A journal of choice reading of foreign selection. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 10 cents single copies.

HARPER'S BAZAR. A repository of fashion, pleasure and instruction. It is all that and something more, without emphasizing its speciality too strongly—though as a Fashion journal, it is the best in the country.

AMERICAN HOMEOPATHIC OBSERVER. Detroit, Michigan: Published at Dr. A. Lodge's Homeopathic Pharmacy, 61 Wayne street, between Larned street and Jefferson avenue. \$2 a year.

LYCEUM SONG BOOK. Chicago: L. H. Kimball, Lyceum Bazaar office. 25 cents. A very pretty little collection of songs and tunes for juvenile performers.

THE NURSERY. A monthly magazine for youngest readers. Boston: J. L. Shorey, 13 Washington street. New York: 119 Nassau street. \$1.50 per annum. If something as attractive, and every way as good as this, could be got up for oldest readers, and for all other readers, as this little gem is for the little ones, it would be worth all the other literature in the world.

OUR PLANET—Its Past and Future.—Lectures on Geology. By William Denton. Boston: Published by William Denton.

This is a volume of more than three hundred pages, on a subject as yet comparatively unknown to the popular mind, and unknown, too, for the worst of all possible reasons, because for years it was feared its doctrines were at war with Genesis and the general teachings of the Bible. But as theologians found it possible to so interpret Genesis as to harmonize in some degree with the indisputable facts of science, a new impetus was given to the study of Geology, and now, everywhere, men are found in the pulpit, as well as out of it, to say that the eternal truths of science will and must stand, though all books and mere human opinions sink in oblivion. Until the science of Geology had preceded thus far, men like Mr. Denton were of small account in the popular estimation; he being one of those singularly strange men who believe truth is to be followed wherever she leads. He was born in the north of England about forty-five years ago, and, like Hugh Miller, is an accidentally distinguished man, wholly by his own exertions. Pushed out of occupation in both England and Wales for heretical opinions, he could not and wished not to shake off, he made his way to America in 1848. Here, too, he was too hyperical to succeed in school-teaching,

and so became a lecturer on Geology and Mineralogy, which he studied mostly alone and unaided in every field, highway, railroad, cut, stone quarry, or stoneheap, wherever he went. He has travelled and lectured very extensively in the United States and in Canada, from Cape Breton to California, and has become before the public in a book as the result of his labor, study and observation. Whoever reads the first lecture will surely desire to read the others. Will read them, if possible. The book contains six lectures, the following being the topics treated in the last:

"Tendency of mankind to look into the Future. The Future can be foretold. The earth will endure for millions of years. It will improve. Volcanoes will die and earthquakes cease. Land surface will be increased. Climate will probably improve. Weeds, troublesome beasts and poisonous reptiles will cease to exist. Agency of Man in producing these results. Where fuel will be obtained in the coming time. Increase of population. Means of subsistence. Man the noblest being that will ever live on this planet. The Reason. The destiny of the earth."

Mr. Denton has succeeded well in one thing—his book can be understood; an immense recommendation in these reckless, headlong, or head-breaking times, when patient, sober study and reflection have almost ceased to exist, and become fossiliferous themselves. Indeed, one distinguished American University Professor of the science, says, "Mr. Denton has certainly succeeded better than any American author I know, in making a really interesting, readable book on general Geology."

MERRY'S MUSEUM—An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Boston: H. B. Fuller. \$1.50 a year.

In Merry's Museum for August, Miss Alcott, the editor, relates, with her singular power of brief and vivid description, a pathetic experience of her hospital life during the late war. Her story of "An Old-Fashioned Girl" is continued, introducing Polly to some new fashions. "Madam Cluck and her Family" will please the little folks, while "Writing Composition" and "Marie Antoinette" are instructive and interesting.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS on the Bible for common, sense people. By William Denton. Boston, 1869.

A pamphlet of more than fifty well-filled pages, too heretical for the ordinary religious public, but conceived in good spirit, and can work no real harm in an age so alive to free discussion as the present.

NEW ORLEANS DE BOW'S MONTHLY REVIEW. W. M. Burwell, Editor and Proprietor, 14 Merchant's Exchange, New Orleans.

Talented in its way. But the south will flourish in proportion as she disregards much of its philosophy. For instance, it says "the southern people should gather and preserve the archives of their late struggles and their men." * * * "to vindicate their motives and their acts." Both will make bad history. Not that the south did not fight bravely, but fighting is not all of war. And as to "motives," the complaint against the north was that it waged indirect war on the slave system. The south, then, fought in behalf of that system. In behalf of slavery and oppression—the worst reason for a war known to history, civilized or uncivilized; in as ancient or modern times.

VAN NOSTRAND'S ELECTRIC ENGINEERING MAGAZINE. Selected from the Home and Foreign Engineering Series. Conducted by Alex. L. Holley. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 33 Murray and 27 Warren streets. \$5 a year; single copies, 50 cents.

A handsomely executed magazine, and evidently conducted with much ability, and just the thing for engineers and the higher order of machinists and mechanics.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for September is already in the market with a Table of Contents like this: Monks and Nuns in France, by Henry C. Lea; The Baby's Drawer, by Mrs. I. T. Butts; A Wine Merchant, by W. I. Paulding; English Show-Places: The Basses—A Tale of Alvey, by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Newcomer—A Tale of Alvey, by F. S. Cozzens; Deceived, by Edgar Fawcett; To-Day: A Romance—Continued, by B. R. Kimball; The Old Hospital—Gone, by D. B. St. John Roosa, M.D.; Left Wounded on the Field, by Col. T. A. Dodge; Lavinia—Part III, by Caroline Chesbro; Colleges and College Education, by Pres. P. A. Chadbourn; The Earth in Trouble, by Prof. Schele de Vere; The Eclipse, unpublished MS. of the late Fenimore Cooper; Village Improvement Societies, S. F. Cooper; Shall the Red Men be Exterminated (Notes of Tours among the Wilder Tribes), by Vincent Colyer; Fine Arts of Society, III. Cookery, by Lucy Fountain; Literature—At Home, by

B. H. Stoddard; Literature, Science and Art Abroad, by Bayard Taylor; Current Events, by F. B. Perkins; Bulletin of New Publications.

MRS. HARRIET L. HUNTER, Postmistress of Deerfield, Michigan, for forty years, has just been removed. She has lost two husbands during her term of office, and the townspeople are indignant at her losing the office too.

THE BENEDICT TIME WATCH.

The enterprising firm of Benedict Brothers have now ready at their "up-town" establishment, 691 Broadway, an extensive and elegant assortment of Gold and Silver Watches for the Spring trade of 1869, to which they invite the attention of the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" and all others who desire a perfect TIME-KEEPER. Their stock comprises the various grades of the American Waltham and the choicest imported watches. They have also, in addition, a fine quality of watch which they have named the "Benedict Time Watch," they having the supervision of the manufacture of the movements, which are of nickel, which has proved to be a metal more durable than brass or other compound metals, and less liable to contraction or expansion by the fluctuating character of the temperature of this climate. This movement gives greater accuracy and requires less repairs than the others. Their stock of American Watches is unrivalled. All the various grades may be found at their counters at the lowest prices, regulated and in every respect warranted. The Messrs. Benedict Brothers have secured their reputation and extensive patronage by a strictly honorable course in conducting their business, selling the best of goods at fair prices. We feel safe in commending this establishment to the consideration of our readers, and would say to all, if you want a good, reliable Watch, go to Benedict Brothers, up town, 691 Broadway.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. IV.—NO. 9.

AN EASY WAY TO GET RICH.

In the large cities of Great Britain money in almost any amount that may be desired can be borrowed, when the collaterals are satisfactory, at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

The London Economist of July 24th says:

Upon the Stock Exchange there is a great abundance of money, and the terms for short loans against government security are 1½ to 2 per cent.

It has, therefore, been a very easy matter for those parties living at or near the great money centres, if they possessed or controlled capital, to make money.

With one hundred thousand dollars to use as a margin, there would not be much difficulty in purchasing our 5.20 bonds, at their market value, to the amount of one million dollars, by obtaining loans to the amount of nine hundred thousand dollars, using the bonds purchased, as collateral.

It will be remembered that these bonds bear interest, not upon their market rate, but upon par value, and as they are obtainable on the other side of the Atlantic considerably less than par, the interest upon this difference, at the rate of six per cent. would, on so large a purchase as we have mentioned, yield a revenue sufficient to support any ordinary family—even of the upper ten order.

If the present market value of these bonds were simply assured, and without counting any advantage that might result from an increase in that value, we would have the following result from such an investment as above described, in a short period of twenty years:

The receipts from the investment of one million dollars, by way of interest only at the rate of six (6) per cent., collected annually for the term of twenty years (principal not included), would amount to.....\$2,206,987.60

The total cost of a loan of nine hundred thousand dollars, for twenty years, at two per cent interest, payable annually, would (exclusive of principal) amount to.....\$407,310.00

Net profit accruing in twenty years on the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, thus manipulated, would be.....\$1,799,677.60

The above may give the reader some idea of the method by which the world-renowned George Peabody obtained the greater portion of his immense wealth. And we hope it may occasion deep reflection on the part of the masses, making plain the necessity of a low rate of interest for carrying on our commerce and manufactures, in order that we may, successfully, compete with those countries where money is cheap.

Our greatest need, at the present time, is a properly adjusted currency and a low rate of interest, both of which Congress will give us at its next session, if it discharges its duty faithfully. With such a consummation, our prosperity as a nation will be without precedent.

THE MONEY MARKET

continues easy, the rates for call loans on Saturday being at 5 to 6 per cent. The discount market is dull, the rates for prime business notes nominal at 9 to 12 per cent. The weekly bank statement is considered unfavorable, showing a decrease in all the items.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	August 21.	August 28.	Differences.
Loans,	\$263,741,133	\$261,012,109	Dec. \$1,729,024
Specie,	21,694,377	19,469,102	Dec. 2,125,408
Circulation,	34,023,104	33,999,742	Dec. 28,362
Deposits,	192,024,646	188,764,539	Dec. 3,270,007
Legal-tenders,	38,070,831	32,793,834	Dec. 5,277,997

THE GOLD MARKET

was active and excited with frequent and violent fluctuations, especially towards the close of the week, the price advancing to 134 ¾.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, Aug. 23,	131 ½	132 ½	131 ½	132 ½
Tuesday, 24,	132 ½	133 ½	132 ½	133 ½
Wednesday, 25,	133 ½	133 ½	132 ½	133 ½
Thursday, 26,	132 ½	134	133	133
Friday, 27,	132 ½	134 ½	132 ½	133 ½
Saturday, 28,	134 ½	134 ½	133 ½	134

The exports of specie during the week were only \$189,500, making the aggregate since January 1, \$23,862,476.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

continues dull, prime bankers sixty days sterling bills being quoted 109 ¾, and sight 110 less 1-16.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

closed dull and lower in the Vanderbilt shares, but the balance of the list was generally firm.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, — to 35; W. F. & Co. Ex., 19 to 21; American, 36 ½ to 37; Adams, 56 to 63; U. S., 63 to 64; Mer. Union, 10 ½ to —; Quicksilver, — to —; Canon, 68 to 69; Pacific Mail, 80 ½ to 80 ¾; West Union Telegraph, 37 to 37 ½; N. Y. Central, 201 ½ to 201 ¾; Erie, 33 to 33 ½; Erie preferred, 55 to 56 ½; Hudson River, 184 ½ to 185; Harlem, 161 to 162; Reading, 95 ½ to 95 ¾; Toledo, Wabash & W., 82 ½ to —; Mil. & St. Paul, 79 ½ to 79 ¾; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 87 ½ to 87 ¾; Fort Wayne, 88 ½ to 89 ¾; Ohio & Mississippi, 92 ¾ to 93 ¾; Michigan Central, 126 ¾ to 130; Michigan Southern 106 ½ to 106 ¾; Illinois Central, 81 ¾ to —; Cleve. & Pitts., 107 to 107 ½; Cleve. & Tol., 106 ¾ to 106 ¾; Rock Island, 114 ½ to 114 ¾; North Western, 94 ¾ to 94 ¾; North Western preferred, 95 ¾ to 95 ¾; Mariposa, 7 to 8 ¾; Mariposa preferred, 12 to 13.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were firmer and higher at the close of Saturday.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 110% to 110%; United States sixes, 1861, registered, 128 to 128%; United States sixes, coupon, 128 to 128%; United States five twenties, registered, 121% to 128%; United States five twenties, coupon, 1862, 128 to 128%; United States five twenties, coupon, 1864, 122 to 122%; United States five twenties, coupon, 1865, new, 120% to 120%; United States five twenties, coupon, 1867, 121 to 121%; United States five twenties, coupon, 1868, 120% to 120%; United States five twenties, registered, 111% to 111%; United States five twenties, coupon, 115 to 115%.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were \$3,943,756 in gold against \$3,492,865, \$3,363,460 and \$3,286,007 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were \$7,076,828 in gold against \$5,804,148, \$4,798,614, and \$5,308,241 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were \$5,581,239 in currency against \$4,568,593, \$3,727,514, and \$3,934,358 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were \$165,500 against \$492,981, \$784,116, and \$1,570,349 for the preceding weeks.

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9:00 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	For Paterson.	
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12:00 m.	12:00 m.	For Hackensack and Pater- son.	
1:00 p. m.	1:00 p. m.	For Piermont and Monsey.	
1:30 p. m.	1:45 p. m.	Daily for Paterson.	
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4:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	For Paterson & Hackensack.	
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